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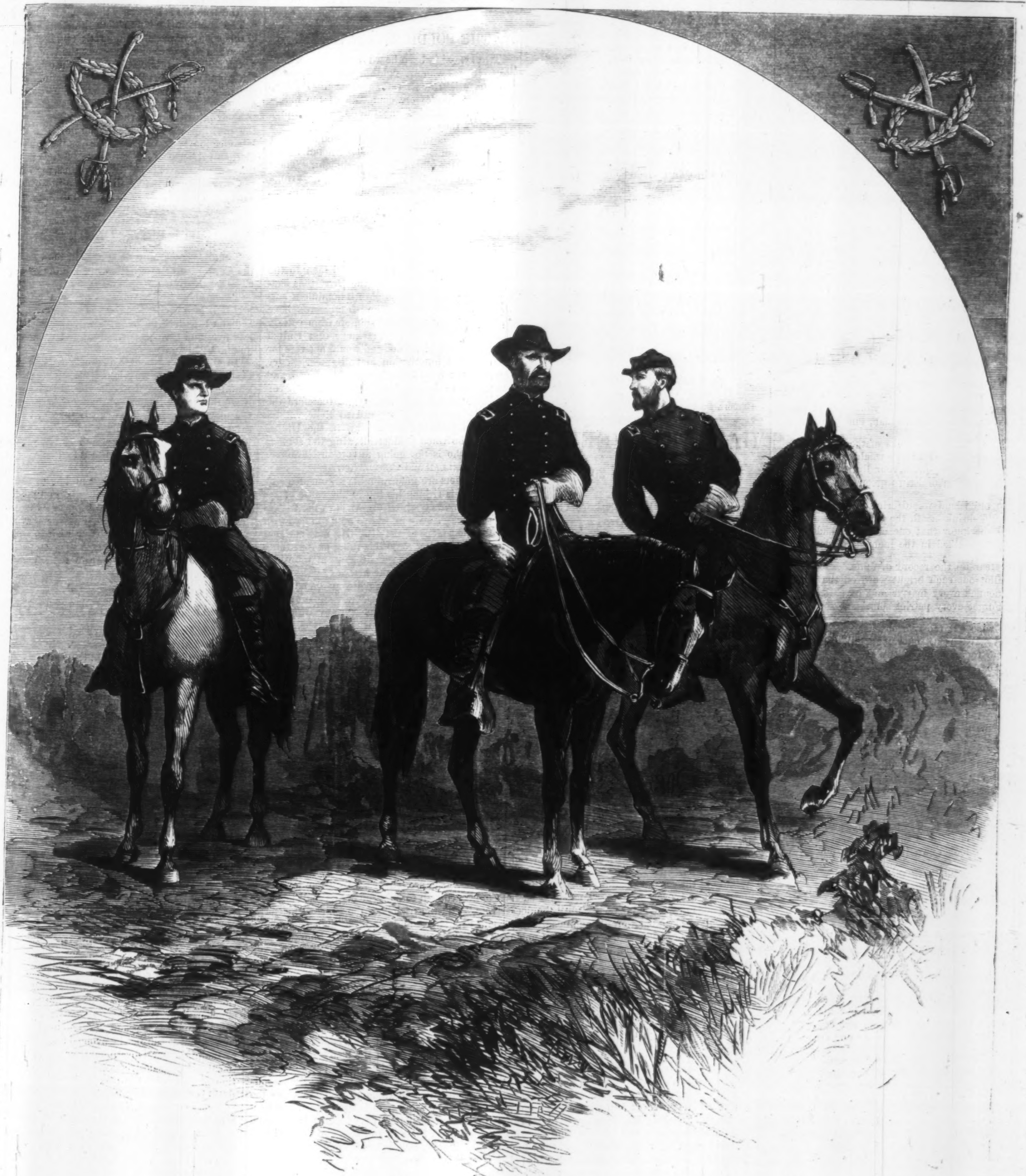


A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.—[See Page 702.]

THE QUAKER COQUETTE.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Dear, coy coquette! but once we met,
But once, and yet—'twas once too often!
Plunged unawares in silvery snares
All vain my prayers her heart to soften:
Yet seemed so true her eyes of blue,
Veined lids and longest lashes under,
Good angels dwelt therein, I felt,
And could have knelt in reverent wonder.

Poor heart, alas! what eye could pass
The auburn mass of curls caressing?
Her pure, white brow—made regal now
By this simplicity of dressing!
Lips dewy, red, as Cupid's bed
Of rose-leaves spread on Mount Hymettus;
With balm imbued, they might be wooed,
But ah, coy prude! she will not let us!

No jewels deck her radiant neck—
What pearl would reck its hue to rival?
A pin of gold—the fashion old—
A ribbon fold, or some such trifle.
O past belief! the lily's leaf
In dark relief sets off the whiteness
Of all the breast not veiled and prest
Beneath her collar's Quaker tightness!

And milk-white robes o'er snowier globes,
As Roman maids are drawn by Gibbon,
With classic taste are gently braced
Around her waist beneath a ribbon;
And thence unrolled in billowy fold,
Profuse and bold—a silken torrent
Not hide but dim each rounded limb,
Well turned and trim and plump, I warrant!

O Quaker maid, were I more staid,
Or you a shade less archly pious;
If soberest suit from crown to boot
Could chance uproot your Quaker bias!
How gladly so in weeds of woe,
From head to toe my frame I'd cover,
That, in the end, the convert "friend"
Might thus ascend—a convert lover!

TO MY BROTHER EXILES.

Is it true what they say of you, brother,
Do you join in the cry that we fail?
Are you leagued with the white-livered rabble
Who hear of the foeman, and quail?

What? Pat in the ranks of the craven!
Down! down! as you would to your God;
On your knees—press your lips to the clover,
Ask pardon of Erin's green sod.

The old island would crimson for shame,
And shrink 'neath the tread of the stranger,
Did she know that one child she had nursed
E'er skulked in the moment of danger.

Go tear up the record of fame,
Blot out each bright word on the scroll,
Renounce every martyr and hero,
Forget every patriot soul.

Go wipe out the glorious list,
Ay Waterloo, Inkermann, all,
From remotest antiquity's mist
To Atlanta's thrice glorious fall.

Yes, Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers,
And Fontenoy even erase;
Once they echoed to Irish cheers,
Now the record in silence efface.

Let Sheridan, Grattan, and Burke
Be named by such cravens no more;
You cry for a cowardly peace,
Their souls were for honor and war.

Ay! forget all the masters of song
Who have sung of our smiles and our tears;
Those we claimed for our brothers so long
Now look down in disdain at our fears.

We've no share in their memory now;
Leave their names to the ivy and moss
We forfeit our right to the crown,
Too feeble to carry the cross.

Is it true that you truckle to traitors?
Can it be that your soul is so base?
Stand up by my side, and, my brother,
Fling the lie in the slanderer's face.

God knows we've our measure of failing,
Of pain we have suffered our meed,
But we never yet fled from our colors,
Our friend, or our foe, or our creed.

O! keep the sweet heritage green,
As fresh as the turf of our land,
That he taketh a sacrament who
Once giveth an Irish hand.

Our hand has been pledged to this soil
Through prosperity's bountiful years;
We must not, we can not dishonor
Its flag with our cowardly fears.

Bowed down, O! my God, I implore,
On my knees, at the footstool of grace,
Thou wilt stretch out thine arm and avert
This sin from the soul of my race.

OUR FLAG IN '64.

Fling, fling our banner out,
With loyal song and shout,
O'er every home and hill,
By each deep valley's mill;
And let its heaven-lit beam
Round every hearth-stone gleam,
And fill the passing hour—
This pregnant, fateful hour—
With all its stirring voices
And the thunder of its power.

The foe is striking hard;
But in the castle-yard
Uprise fresh traitor bands
To snatch from out our hands,
From fortress and from sea,
This banner of the free,
To give it coward flight,
That Anarchy's dark night,
With all its muttering thunders,
May swallow up its light.

Ay! when our soldiers brave,
On battle-field and wave,
Sprang forth with deadly stroke
Through battle's blazing smoke,
Our standard to uphold,
And save its every fold,
These home-born traitors cry,
"*God grant no victory!*"
Though scores of gallant heroes
Round the old flag bravely die.

Rise, then, each loyal man,
Your home horizon scan,
And plant the nation's flag
On hill-side and on crag;
And let your swelling soul
In earnest tones outroll
That brave resolve of old,
When our fathers, true and bold,
Swore a fealty to the flag
Which never once grew cold.

The flag, the flag bends low,
For whirlwinds round it blow,
And wild, chaotic night
Is veiling it from sight.
So let us every one,
While yet the winds rage on,
Cling round the straining mast
And hold the banner fast,
Till stormy Treason's rage
Be safely overpast.

Detroit, *October*, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 29, 1864.

BROWN, STEPHENS, & CO.

A BRANCH OF THE CHICAGO HOUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the rebellion has been driven into one-fourth of the space it covered at the beginning—that its money has ceased to have any gold value—that its "cradles and graves" have been robbed for recruits—that its hope of foreign aid has expired—and that its chief can not restrain a sullen cry of anguish and despair—yet Governor Brown of Georgia, and Alexander H. Stephens of the same State, the rebel Vice-President, write long letters to say that if we will just give up the struggle and let them have what they are fighting for, we may have peace. Here are two men, for instance, battling for a prize. One has the other fast, and is rapidly worsting him, and the gentleman with his head in chancery has just breath and strength enough left to gasp: "There! if you'll give me the prize, I'll let you off."

The folly of such performances as Governor Brown's and Mr. Stephens's it is not worth while to discuss. They both take the same ground. They both declare, with Davis, that the only possible terms of peace which they will accept are disunion and the destruction of the Government. They will have the supreme sovereignty of the separate States, or they will fight until they are overpowered. To debate such propositions gravely is impossible until the doctrine of the Chicago platform is approved. For both these gentlemen stand upon that noble scaffolding. Both of them declare that the war is and must be a failure; that there ought to be an immediate cessation of hostilities, and an ultimate Convention with all the resources of statesmanship.

That rebels stand by the Chicago platform is not strange, for they helped build it. It is the work of rebels, Copperheads, and English emissaries. And it is the Chicago Convention which explains these letters of Governor Brown and Mr. Stephens. Those two men know perfectly well the hopelessness of their cause. Alexander H. Stephens is, and always has been, a thorough "Southern Rights" man. He has valued the Union as the tool of "the South." But he has known that "the South" could not long stand outside of the Union, and therefore his policy was not to secede but to remain and control. He now beholds his prophecy of disaster to "the South" in case of secession amply fulfilled. He naturally wishes to make the best terms he can, and they are—first, separation upon the ground of State sovereignty, which is a confession by the Union that it is overthrown; and, second, reconstruction upon such terms as "the South" may choose to offer to a conquered group of States.

That is what Brown, Stephens, and the other rebel leaders mean by negotiation and convention. That is what the Chicago platform means by armistice. That is what General M'Clellan means by the resources of statesmanship. And Stephens and Brown would never have dreamed of uttering such absurd pretensions except for the encouragement given to the rebellion by the Chicago party and platform and candidates. General M'Clellan may be the most faithful of citizens, but the folly, the cowardice, the disgrace, the rebel complicity of the position into which he has suffered himself to be adjusted by Vallandigham, Seymour, and Wood upon the Chicago platform, by the side of George H. Pendleton, applauded by every rebel against his Government and by every foreign enemy of his country, make him, if he be an utterly loyal citizen, certainly the most pitiful figure in America.

THE SOLDIERS' PLATFORM.

The army has been heard from. The American citizens who are fighting the rebels in the field have laid down their platform. Its top, bottom, and sides are composed of the indignant resolution that the war is *not* a failure, and that they do *not* demand an immediate cessation of hostilities. They pronounce in a voice of thunder for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and Government. Their vote goes off like the volley of an army. It rings out like the salute with shotted guns which General Grant ordered all along the line upon hearing the news of Sheridan's victory in the Valley.

The result of the army vote settles forever the doubt whether the Chicago leaders had been able to blind the eyes of faithful men to the true issue. It shows why the party that supports the Chicago proposal of ignominious surrender and M'Clellan and Pendleton have endeavored to prevent the soldiers from voting. The Chicago party leaders knew that United States soldiers could not and would not vote for the national humiliation and disgrace. They knew that the soldiers were not frightened, and were not to be juggled by any false talk of "peace" with armed rebels, and therefore the Chicago party were opposed to their voting. There is probably not a man in the United States who voted against allowing the soldiers to vote who is not going to vote in November for M'Clellan and Pendleton.

Such facts are unanswerable arguments. A man who is risking his life in the cause of his country knows instinctively who are the friends of that cause. He may have faults to find with the management of details. He may see that it would be better to do this thing or that thing in a different way. But he looks at the whole ground. He watches the action of parties and the general conduct of public men, and he is not likely to suppose that Mr. Vallandigham is truer to the cause than Andrew Johnson, who has bravely battled with the rebels from the very beginning, nor Mr. Vallandigham's candidate more faithful to the Union, the country, and the rights of American citizens than Abraham Lincoln.

The soldiers have spoken, and they will speak again. They vote for the same cause for which they fight, and therefore they do not vote for Chicago, M'Clellan and Pendleton, and surrender—but for Baltimore, Lincoln and Johnson, and victory. That is the Soldiers' platform, and it is the platform of the country.

THE MORAL OF THE INDIANA ELECTION.

All have done well, but Indiana has done nobly, and what is the moral of her majority? Her soldiers were disfranchised by the Copperhead Legislature. "If any citizen loves his country enough to fight for her he shall have no vote," said the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates, and the brave men of Indiana who have gone to the field now know exactly who are *their* friends. But the voters who staid at home resolved that those at the front should not be betrayed; and in the State which was generally accorded to the Chicago party the valiant voters cast twenty thousand majority. It would be fifty thousand if the citizens in the field could vote.

The moral of this majority is plain. Indiana has been the hot-bed of the bloody and treasonable conspiracies of the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates. "Grand Commander" Dodd lives in Indiana. The office of the Hon. D. W. Voorhees is in Indiana, and in it the treasonable letters were found. Dr. Athon, Secretary of State in Indiana, and Joseph Ristine, State Auditor in Indiana, were leading accomplices of the Vallandigham plot for helping the rebels and overthrowing the Government.

Therefore the people of Indiana were not deceived. Any fine phrases that may have slipped into the resolutions at Chicago they perfectly understood. They doubtless did not question the patriotism of many who intend to support the Chicago nominations; but they said, "We know exactly what it all means, because we have the proof of it here in our own State. It does not mean Union and national honor, and peace with liberty and security for all rights and for all men. The Chicago programme, which our worthy State Secretary and State Auditor support, means an ignoble surrender to the rebellion, and separation, or reconstruction upon such terms as slavery may dictate. You in the Eastern and Middle States may not understand it yet; but we have had an inside view of the office and papers of the Honorable D. W. Voorhees. The plot has been exposed to our eyes and minds, and we have no excuse for misunderstanding. Chicago means submission and disunion. We mean Union and national life and liberty. Chicago would disfranchise the soldiers if it could, as our Legislature, a supporter of Chicago, has done. Be it so. We will protect ourselves and our friends in the army; and even in their absence Indiana shall be true to the Union and Government."

And true she is by twenty thousand majority.

The result in Indiana shows that the people of this country are not conquered; and it shows that when they once clearly detect the tendency or the deliberate intention to betray the cause of the country, they will rally overwhelmingly to its support. There has been no more encouraging sign of the fidelity of American citizens to their principles and their Government since the uprising after the fall of Sumter than the late election in Indiana. It is another and a glorious evidence of the stability and the essential conservatism of popular institutions, to which the crowning testimony will be given in November by the election of Lincoln and Johnson.

"OUT! BRIEF CANDLE!"

There is something delightful in the idea of the Copperhead illumination upon "the auspicious result" in the Keystone State.

Three great States vote. In Ohio the Copperheads lose twelve members of Congress. In Indiana they lose four. In Pennsylvania they lose five, and perhaps six. Hurrah! shout the jubilant gentlemen.

In Ohio the aggregate majority against the Copperheads will be from seventy to eighty thousand. In Indiana, without the soldiers—a State that we had supposed they would carry—the majority against them will be twenty thousand or more. In Pennsylvania it will be probably fifteen or eighteen thousand. "Heaven be praised!" cry the Copperheads; "let's light up!"

And why not? It is the last and best chance they will ever have for illumination and rejoicing. Besides, they might have lost every member of Congress in each State, instead of saving twelve out of thirty-three. They wish to make hay while the sun shines; and they are quite right, for it is coming on to rain dreadfully in November.

ALL HAIL, MARYLAND!

The Maryland soldiers have achieved one of the grandest victories of the war. They have lifted "the despot's heel" from the shore of their Maryland. Their vote has redeemed their State from the curse of Slavery, and anchored it fast and forever to the Union, whose cause, as the old Continental Congress declared, "is the cause of human nature." Their victory shows that they, too, understand the meaning of this war. They perceive that it is the armed insurrection of the privileged few against the laboring many. They know that the great slaveholder is the direct rival of the free laborer who lives by his daily wages. They know that while the system lasts permanent peace is impossible, and having learned in the battle-field and the Southern prison that the tender mercies of slavery are cruel, they have, with one master blow, demolished the root of the war in the soil of Maryland. It is indeed "a glorious victory." God bless the Maryland citizens at the front and the Maryland citizens at home!

THE PLAIN CASE.

The October elections show that, unless all human foresight fails, the election of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson is assured, provided the work of the canvass be not relaxed a moment, and that every thing be accounted doubtful until it is secured. The question is so simple that it can not be avoided: Do we mean to maintain our Government, or do we intend to submit to its destruction? In the consideration of this point the personality of the candidates is of very small importance.

Every good citizen knows that there is not a man who wishes to see the rebellion unconditionally suppressed by force of arms who will not vote for Lincoln and Johnson; nor any one who wishes to make terms with traitors who does not support M'Clellan and Pendleton.

If the latter are as uncompromising Union men as the former, why does every disunionist and rebel sympathizer support them?

If they are so devoted to law and good

ernment, why does every threat of resistance to the result of the election proceed from their supporters?

If they are so zealous for order and free speech, why are all the disturbers of Union meetings for political discussion their vehement partisans?

The reply is very simple. They are *not* uncompromising Union men. Mr. Pendleton is of the political school of Jefferson Davis by his own confession, and General M'Clellan accepts, without a word of rebuke, the nomination of men who call for an immediate armistice.

In a word, Mr. Pendleton is an advocate of supreme State sovereignty, and consequently believes in a "Confederacy" and not in a Union; while General M'Clellan shirks the question, and tells Mr. Vallandigham that they probably mean the same thing.

The October elections show that the great body of the people fully understand what patriotism requires of them, and that is to vote for candidates who are openly, by their words, by their acts, and by the characters and acts of their supporters, unconditional Union men.

THE COPPERHEAD CONSPIRACY.

Judge-Advocate-General Holt has given the country an astounding illustration of the methods of Copperhead "Conservatism" to secure "peace" by armed insurrection at the North in aid of the rebels, and to maintain the national honor by forcibly overthrowing the Government constitutionally elected. The publication of this report is a great and timely service; for it is prepared with the utmost care, from a vast mass of testimony collected during many months and all over the country.

The main points in this extraordinary and startling revelation are, that there was established a large secret association, bound by oaths, armed, extending throughout the West and into the rebel section, with careful forms and principles, for the purpose of promoting desertions from the Union armies; discouraging enlistments and resisting the draft; circulating treasonable documents; giving intelligence to the enemy; recruiting for the rebels; furnishing the rebels with arms, ammunition, etc.; co-operating in rebel raids and invasions; destroying private property; assassinating Union men; and establishing a Northwestern Confederacy.

The head of this conspiracy is Clement L. Vallandigham, one of the authors of the Chicago platform, and the seconder of General M'Clellan for the Presidency. Every leading member of it is a supporter of the M'Clellan-Pendleton ticket. Every member of it hates Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson as the rebels hate them. That every member understands the whole scope of its intention is, of course, impossible. That every member would deliberately resist the result of a constitutional election we do not believe. But it is managed and officered by men who would, and who hope to persuade and bully others to follow them.

Thanks to the steady fidelity of our civil and military officers in every degree, this atrocious secret has been revealed, and the vast and wicked conspiracy exposed. American citizens will not fail to remark that the chief conspirator is the chief apostle of "Peace;" which means simply bloody civil war in the Free States. They will reflect that it was conceived by men who have constantly denounced and maligned the Administration, and have always extenuated the rebels and the rebellion. They will remember that these men went to Chicago and sat in convention with the chief conspirator; that together they set forth their principles and nominated their candidates; and that at this moment they are straining every nerve to secure the election of those candidates, M'Clellan and Pendleton.

These conspirators are the men who talk loudest of "Conservatism" and "Peace." The people will teach them in November that "Conservatism" is the unconditional maintenance of the Government, and "Peace" is the armed overthrow of rebellion and the unqualified assent of rebels to the Constitution and the laws.

REBEL TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS.

On the 14th of June, 1864, the rebel Congress issued a manifesto concluding as follows: "We commit our cause to the enlightened judgment of the world, to the sober reflections of our adversaries themselves, and to the solemn and righteous arbitrament of Heaven." The people, in whose name this was said, profess to be peculiarly "chivalric" and "high-toned." Their leader, who said that he would rather associate with hyenas than Yankees, was declared by Mr. Gladstone to have "created a nation." He and his confederates claim to be especially generous, gentlemanly, and humane. Yet in all the annals of war, conduct so base, cruel, and loathsome as theirs is without parallel. The more the secret rebel history of this struggle is exposed the more inhuman and barbarous it appears; and if any justification were yet wanting of the truth of all that has ever been said of the imbruting influence of slavery upon the master class, it is found in the story of their treatment of their prisoners of war.

The Sanitary Commission of the United States appointed in May, 1864, a sub-commission of inquiry, consisting of Dr. Valentine Mott, Chairman, Doctors Edward Delafield and Ellerslie Wallace, Hon. J. I. Clark Hare, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, Esquire, and Rev. Treadwell Walden, the four last of Philadelphia, to ascertain the real condition of the Union prisoners while in rebel hands. The commission has just made a copious, scientific, and descriptive Report, which is certainly one of the most astounding chapters of modern history.

It exposes the treatment of all Union prisoners from the moment of their capture to their exchange, especially in the Libey prison and on Belle Isle at Richmond. The narrative is derived from the testimony of the prisoners themselves, substantiated by the medical investigations of scientific experts; and such a hideous and revolting tale was never told. Its value is completed by an equally careful report of the condition and treatment of rebel prisoners in Union hands at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, and elsewhere. The verbal testimony of the Union sufferers is appended to the Report.

The harrowing and sickening details we can not reproduce. They are sad beyond belief, and they are incontestably established. Nor ought any man who would truly understand the scope of this war, and the spirit from which it springs and in which it is conducted upon the rebel side, fail to ponder this terrible revelation. The narrative of the Report, simply and cogently prepared by the Rev. Mr Walden, presents the case, of which the Appendix furnishes the testimony; and the whole is neatly printed and issued by the Sanitary Commission.

We are glad to know that a large number of copies have been sent to England. They will furnish some authentic refutation of the foul slanders upon the Union cause and conduct which are statedly prepared for the London *Times* by Charles Mackay, and devoured with delight by the British party which exults over the Chicago nominations. They will reveal to our friends in England the spirit of the social system against whose armed assault upon the Government the American people are contending. Our friends abroad will wince and shudder as they read. Yet the painful revelation will but nerve them to a more persistent support of our cause, if possible, than ever, while they will agree with the Commission that, "until an excuse or an explanation comes, the Government by which such things are authorized, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world."

THE WRECK OF SECESSION.

Upon page 697 of this paper is a vivid picture of the wreck of the great pirate ship *Secession*. She is dashed upon the rocks, and is rapidly going to pieces in the terrible storm of Patriotism which beats upon her. Smitten by the fatal thunder-bolts of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and Sheridan, she lies a helpless hulk amidst the waves. One ray of hope—Stephens's "Hail, holy light!"—shines to cheer her from the Chicago Light-house, on whose summit blows the national flag, union down But the foundation of the Light-house itself is fast crumbling away, dashed to pieces by the irresistible waves of popular indignation

Meanwhile the copper-bound boat, *Peace-at-any-Price*, is launched by the famous Chicago wreckers, Seymour, Belmont, Vallandigham, Wood, Cox, and Voorhees, while Pendleton strains at the stern to shove her off, and a gentleman in a Major-General's uniform, upon a prancing war-horse—that seems to recoil in disgust—cheers them and waves them on. Among the crowd the most conspicuous wrecker carries under his arm a huge plank—Immediate Cessation of Hostilities—over which they hope the pirate crew may safely escape, to ship for another voyage. But the storm is overwhelming. Escape is impossible; and the ship *Secession*, "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," is going down forever.

LOYAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

We have too long omitted to speak of the valuable series of pamphlets, large and small, issued by the Loyal Publication Society of this city at 863 Broadway. They are generally brief and trenchant treatises upon every point of the great question, prepared by the most accomplished hands, furnished at the most reasonable rates, and they form an invaluable collection of authentic references and impregnable arguments. Whoever wishes to aid the noble enterprise may be very sure that it is under the best management, a fact which the issues prove, aud may confidently send his contributions to Morris Ketchum, Treasurer, 40 Exchange Place.

LITERARY.

"The Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents, as developed by the Report of General M'Clellan and other published Documents," by J. G. Barnard, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Major-General of Volunteers. (D. Van Nostrand, New York.) General Barnard was Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac from its organization under M'Clellan to the end of the disastrous Peninsular campaign. He knew every plan; he saw every detail; and his review of the incompetency of the commanding General is crushing. General Barnard's contemptuous impatience of a policy which almost ruined one of the noblest armies in the world is not concealed; and in this small volume, originally prepared as an article for a review, the reasons of that impatience are plainly stated. The great victory seems to have been almost wantonly thrown away, and the timid sluggishness of the Commanding General, however pure his intentions may have been, did the work of treason. He was eternally preparing to make the final preparations to prepare for a forward movement; and in the midst of the preliminaries for his preparations Lee and Stonewall Jackson stormed in upon him and drove him away. Grant's terrible grip upon Lee, which nothing can shake off, and M'Clellan's fears and doubts, and "mud," and "roads," and "immense forces of the enemy," and "at least die with my men," and foolish "push them to the wall" show the difference between the operations of a soldier whose whole heart and soul are vowed to victory and a General who has no conception of the earnestness and vitality of the struggle, and thinks first of his own reputation. It is the difference between Sherman and Don Carlos Buell, between Patterson and Hancock. It is not necessary to suppose the hero of the Chickahominy a traitor to understand why he is a favorite with the rebels. Any reader who will carefully consider this little volume of General Barnard's will see why the advantage won by Keyes, Sumner, and Heintzelman at Fairoaks was not followed up, and why Lee was allowed a day to retire unmolested from Antietam. It is not M'Clellan's fault that he is not a great General; but it will certainly be the fault of the American people if they ever make him Commander-in-Chief.

"Down in Tennessee," by Edmund Kirk (G. W. Carleton, New York), is a work which is full of the most timely and melancholy revelations of the war upon the border. The sufferings of Union men at the South and along the line, of which Parson Brownlow has told us some harrowing passages, are here related with a graphic detail and dramatic power which burn them into the memory. Mr. Gilmore's experience of life and character in the Southern States gives a peculiar value to his observations, and his shrewd and humorous eye permits nothing characteristic to escape him. The book has the full flavor of the Southwest, and its portraits of famous Union soldiers are full of interest. Mr. Gilmore argues strongly that the hope of the future Union lies in the middle class of the slave States, who are very ignorant, but are sprung of what he thinks the best stock, the Scotch-Irish, that of Jackson and Calhoun. The great slave-holding class, which has rebelled for its own advantage, must, in Mr. Gilmore's opinion, be entirely overcome. The work ends with the story of his visit to Richmond with Colonel Jaquess, and the expression of his conviction that the people of the rebel States are weary of the war, but that the leaders, who have staked every thing upon the rebellion, know that nothing remains for them but to push on to the inevitable end.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Since our record of last week closed there have been no military movements of consequence. Hood, at last advices, appears to be retreating toward the southwest, without having accomplished his object. On the 12th two divisions of the Tenth Army Corps and a portion of Kautz's cavalry made a reconnoissance on the Darbytown Road. There was some skirmishing; our loss was 350. It was found that the enemy had improved his opportunities for fortification. In the Shenandoah Valley the rebels recently made their appearance in the vicinity of Strasburg, where they were attacked on the 15th by Sheridan and put to rout.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPORT.

We are able this week to give a *resumé* of General Sherman's report of his Georgia campaign.

On the 14th of March, 1864, Sherman was notified of General Grant's commission as Lieutenant-General, and of his own succession to the command of the Division of the Mississippi. Having consulted with Grant and given instructions to his subordinates, General Logan at Huntsville, Thomas at Chattanooga, and Schofield at Knoxville, it was determined that the active campaign should begin on the 1st of May. In the mean time, according to his custom, Sherman gave his personal attention to the question of supplies. At Nashville he found the dépôts well filled, and well-ordered preparations for the future. At Knoxville, however, there was this difficulty, namely, that the impoverished loyalists of East Tennessee were too great a drain upon his supplies. He wisely determined to make these people support themselves, which they did without great difficulty.

The campaigns in Virginia and Georgia commenced simultaneously, viz., on the 5th of May. At that time General Sherman had an army of 100,000 men, of which 6000 were cavalry, the horses for which were yet collecting. More than one-half of this force belonged to the Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, which numbered 60,773 men. The Army of the Tennessee, under M'Pherson, numbered nearly 25,000; and the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, nearly 14,000. This force was kept at about the same strength during the entire campaign. It was concentrated in the vicinity of Chattanooga at the close of April.

General Johnston's army lay at Dalton, 26 miles southeast of Chattanooga, and in numbers was not much more than half as strong as the Federal army; although superior in cavalry. The three corps of his army were commanded by Hardee, Hood, and Polk. The cavalry, under Wheeler's command, numbered about 10,000.

On the morning of May 6 Sherman's army had approached Dalton. The centre, under Thomas, was at Ringgold, on the railroad from Chattanooga, and about 12 miles from Dalton. M'Pherson's army lay on the right, west of Dalton, at Gordon's Mill, and that of the Ohio on the left, and some distance northeast of Ringgold. Between Sherman's and Johnston's lines stretched the Chattanooga or Rocky Face ridge, running almost directly north and south, and covering all the approaches to Dalton. The railroad passed through the ridge at Tunnel Hill; but the pass, known as Buzzard's Roost, was too strongly defended to admit of assault. Skirting the railroad on the left this ridge runs six or eight miles south of Dalton, where it abruptly abuts on the valley of the Oostenaula River, which runs southwestwardly to Rome.

On the 7th Thomas moved close up to Buzzard's Roost, while M'Pherson completely turned the ridge and moved on Resaca, a dozen miles south of Dalton. M'Pherson, finding Resaca strongly defended, was reinforced by Schofield's army and the greater portion of Thomas's. Thus the whole army, excepting Howard's Corps, was on the 11th moving against the enemy's rear. The movement was much impeded by the impracticable nature of the country, and Johnston was enabled to reach Resaca, so that on the 14th Sherman was confronted by the whole rebel army. Cavalry detachments were sent southward across the river to destroy the road in the enemy's rear, but the main body of the army attacked at Resaca, bringing on a battle, May 15th, the result of which was the evacuation of Resaca by Johnston that night. Sherman's army pursued by every available route. Rome was occupied in the mean while by Jeff C. Davis's division. Johnston made a feeble stand at Adairsville, fifteen miles south of Resaca; but he crossed the Etowah without giving battle. This river runs westwardly to Rome, where it joins the Oostenaula, forming the Coosa.

It was now evident that Johnston would next dispute Sherman at Allatoona Pass, just south of the Etowah. Sherman determined to turn this position, and on the 23d moved on Dallas, fifteen miles west of Marietta and off the railroad. Johnston was aware of Sherman's design, and took measures to dispute the approach to Marietta, by interposing his army between that place and Dallas. The country was favorable for defense. Sherman was just about to change his tactics and approach the railroad on the left, when Johnston made a severe attack on his right at Dallas, which was held by M'Pherson. The rebels were repulsed. The movement toward the left was carried out June 1, and all the roads by which Johnston could return to Allatoona were held. This movement secured Sherman against a counter attack on his rear, as it planted him safely on the railroad at Ackworth, which was occupied June 6. Big Shanty Station, still further south, was occupied June 9, and Sherman then confronted the Twin Mountain, Kenesaw. On the right was Pine, and more to the westward Lost Mountain. The rebel army occupied this line of mountain defenses.

The approach to Marietta by way of Dallas had failed, but must now be accomplished by a new flank movement. The rebel line, however, was of considerable length, and it was determined, before making another movement, if possible, to break this line. From the 11th of June to the 15th there was sharp skirmishing and a heavy cannonade. On the 14th General Polk was killed; and the next day Pine Mountain was given up. On the 17th Lost Mountain was abandoned, and the enemy's line contracted, but covering the approach to Marietta and to the railroad in his rear.

The roads now began to be what Sherman calls "villainously bad," and this caused some delay. On the 22d Hood's Corps attacked Hooker's at Kulp House, and were repulsed. Then General Sherman determined to make an assault on Kenesaw on the enemy's left, which was made June 27. It resulted unsuccessfully. Generals Harker and M'Cook were killed. The Federal loss was 3000.

Four days afterward, July 1, orders were given for an advance to Nickajack Creek aud Turner's Ferry, several miles south of Marietta. M'Pherson commenced this movement July 2, and Kenesaw was immediately abandoned by the enemy. General Sherman occupied Marietta July 3, and M'Pherson and Schofield were instructed to cross the Nickajack and attack Johnston while crossing the Chattahoochee. But the latter had prudently guarded the crossing by a *tête du pont*. On the 5th the Federal army moved to the Chattahoochee River.

Before the enemy had time to make extensive preparations to oppose his advance, Sherman threw Schofield's Corps across the river at the mouth of Soap's Creek on the 7th. Garrard at the same time destroyed the factories at Roswell, and held the ford at that point. Here M'Pherson was to cross. Another crossing was established at Powers's Ferry. Atlanta lay only eight miles distant, but a short rest was afforded the troops. On the 10th Rousseau's cavalry expedition, consisting of 2000 men, broke up the West Point Road, rendering it useless to the enemy.

Until the 16th stores were being collected at Allatoona and Marietta. On the 17th the army advanced. Schofield was already across the river. Now the rest of the army followed, the Army of the Tennessee moving around to Decatur on the Augusta railroad east of Atlanta. Thomas at the same time crossed Peach-Tree Creek north of the city. Schofield held the centre; but with a gap between him and Thomas near the Buckhead Road.

On the 20th the enemy came out in the afternoon and attacked Sherman's right centre at its weakest point. He was repulsed; and Sherman estimates his loss to have been 5000, while his own was only 1500, most of which was in Hooker's Corps. General Johnston had been relieved of command and superseded by Hood. The enemy then withdrew to his inner intrenchments. About noon on the 22d the rebel General attacked again, this time on the left, where M'Pherson had obtained a commanding position. Early in the fight M'Pherson was killed, and Logan took command during the battle. The attack was made by Hardee's Corps in flank and Stewart's in front. The enemy gained considerable success in the early part of the engagement, capturing several guns, but was afterward defeated and driven from the field, having lost, Sherman thinks, 8000 men, while our loss was 3722.

Then followed the unsuccessful raids of Stoneman and M'Cook. On the 26th Sherman began to move his army from the east to the west side of Atlanta. It was while this movement was being executed that the battle of the 28th occurred, in which, as in the previous assaults, the enemy was repulsed and severely punished. In this battle our loss was less than 600, while that of the enemy was 5000. Sherman then extended his lines so that they reached from the Chattanooga Road, just north of Atlanta, nearly to East Point, the junction of the West Point and Macon railroads. But it was impossible in this way to break the enemy's communications. Therefore Sherman, August 16, issued his orders for the entire army to cut loose from the Chattanooga Road and to raise the siege of Atlanta, the Twentieth Corps alone being left to guard the fords of the Chattahoochee. Wheeler's cavalry being north very much facilitated this movement. The entire army was by the 30th on the Macon Road, between Jonesborough, where Lee and Hardee were, and the rest of the rebel army at Atlanta.

On the 31st the rebels came out from Jonesborough and made an attack, which resulted in their defeat. The next day, September 1, Jonesborough was attacked and taken by General Davis. That same night Hood evacuated Atlanta, which General Sherman immediately occupied, making it a grand military post.

MARYLAND.

Maryland has adopted the new Constitution, abolishing slavery in the State, by a majority of about 1500.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

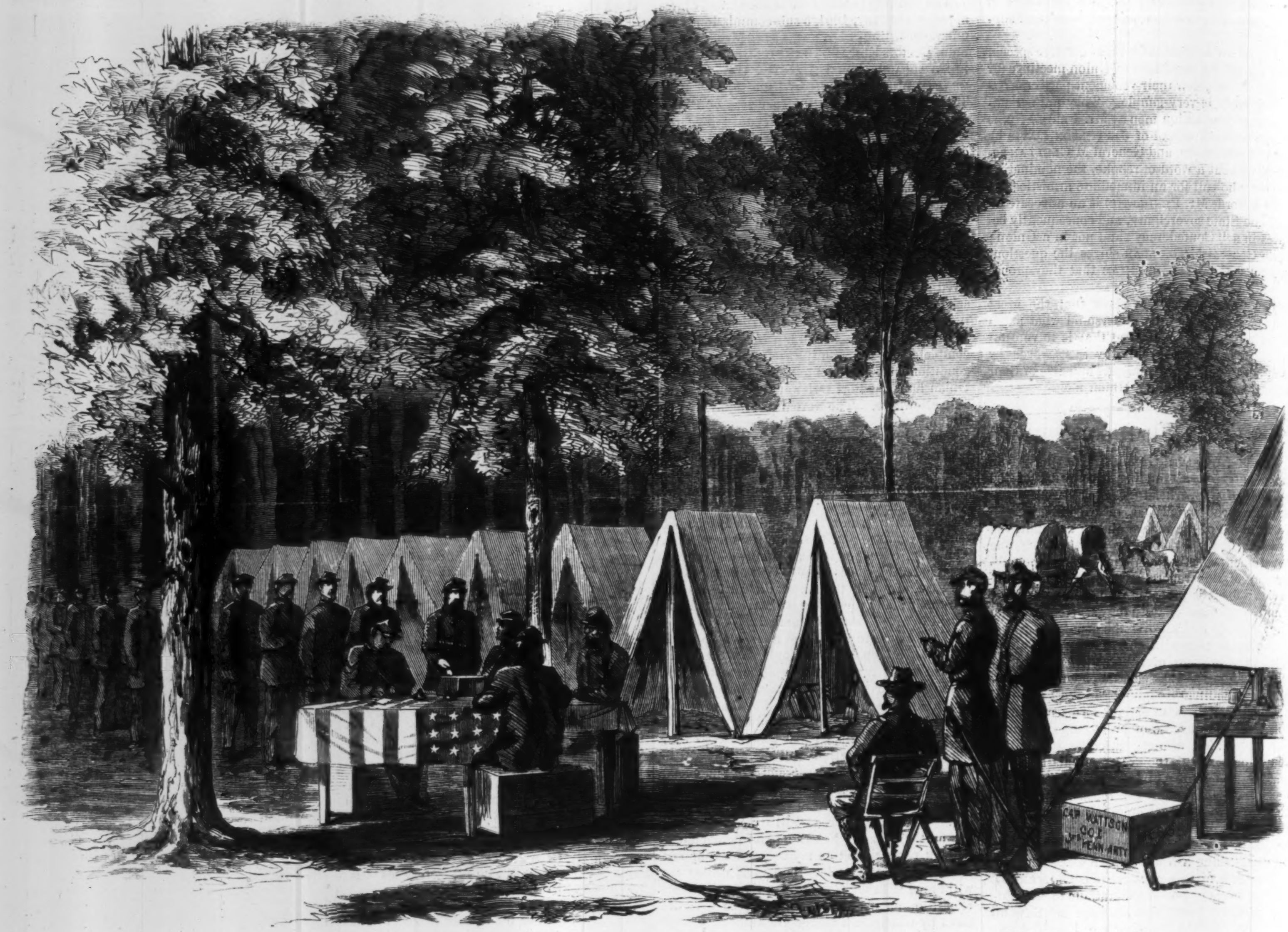
There has been in London great alarm in prospect of a serious money panic. The *Spectator* says: "The country, despite its prosperity, has been doing a great deal of unsound business, a great deal of paper discounted represents nothing at all but speculators' hopes, the reserve in the Bank seems likely to diminish rapidly, the Continent is unwilling to send over money in the face of a crisis, and should the new banks begin to go we may look out for a crash. Failures are becoming frequent, and the explosion of the Banking Company of Leeds, which will involve an ultimate loss of nearly a million to its shareholders, has not tended to improve matters."

The London *Times* regards the victories of Sheridan as certain to insure Lincoln's re-election.

The French-Italian Convention has decided that the capital of Italy shall be transferred from Turin to Florence. This takes away half the income of every citizen of Turin, and on the 22d of September the dissatisfaction caused by the measure broke out in open violence. The troops in San Carlo Square were attacked by the mob and fired upon. Without orders they returned the fire. Several persons were killed.

In regard to the Danish Question the *Spectator* says: All communication between Jutland and Copenhagen has been forbidden, exports have been prohibited, and fifty thousand men quartered upon the wretched peninsula for the winter. In fact the country is to be gutted in order that the sufferers may by their cries create consternation at Copenhagen. The robber orders his victim's wife to be whipped in order that *he* may pay up quickly. Nothing so atrocious has been done in Europe since 1815, and the example will exaggerate the obstinacy of every future defense. Had Jutland one range of mountains the Prussians would even now have to face a peasant war.

The Greek Government has decided to abolish its Upper Chamber, which corresponds to our Senate. The Upper House, however, in Greece has not the same necessity or use as in this country: and it has an injurious influence on the Lower Chamber, depriving that body of a great amount of conservative ability.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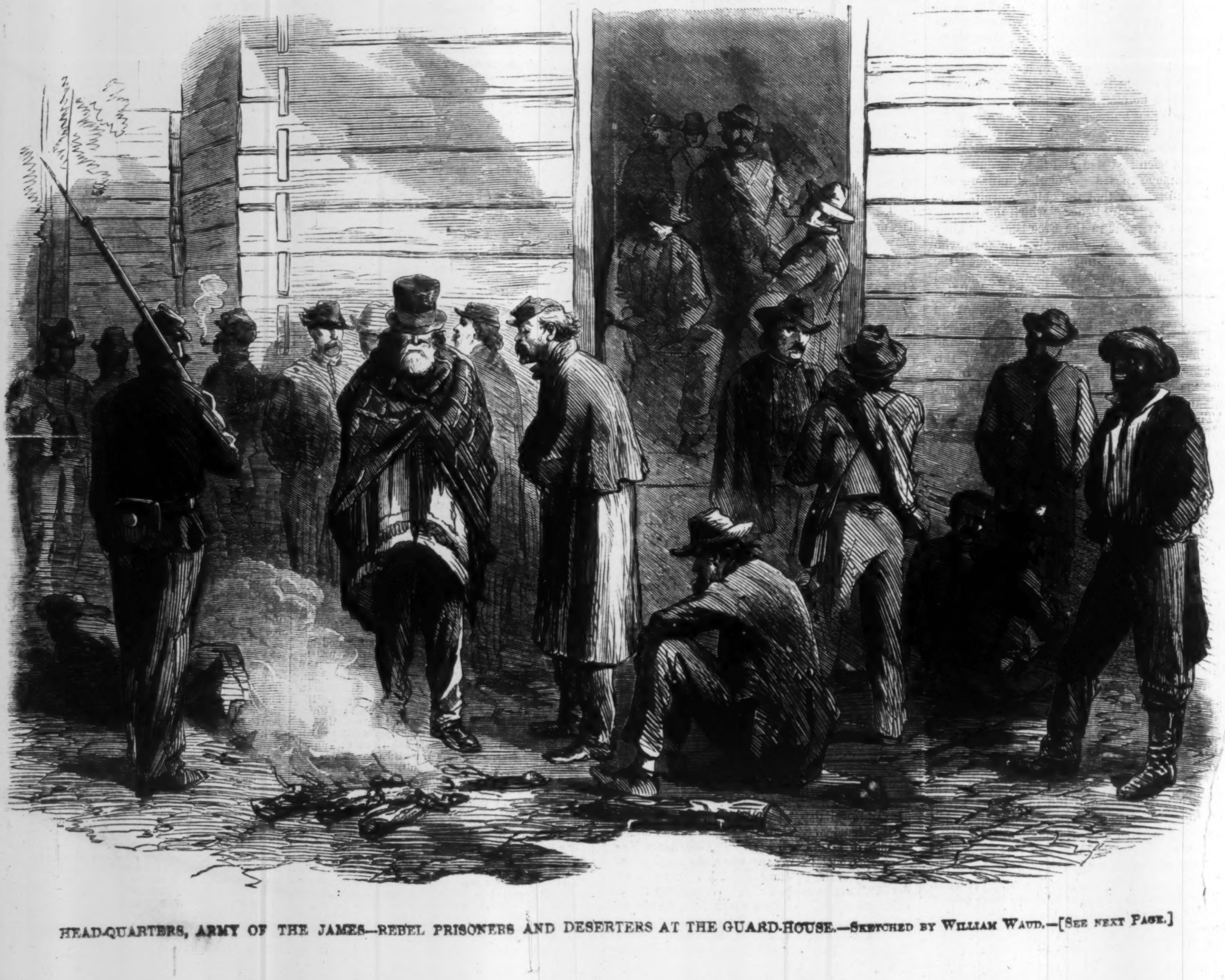
HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS VOTING.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]



HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—REBEL PRISONERS AND DESERTERS AT THE GUARD-HOUSE.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]

ROGER B. TANEY,

LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE, U. S.

Roger Brook Taney, the late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. His ancestors immigrated into that State two centuries ago. They were English, but of the Roman Catholic faith.

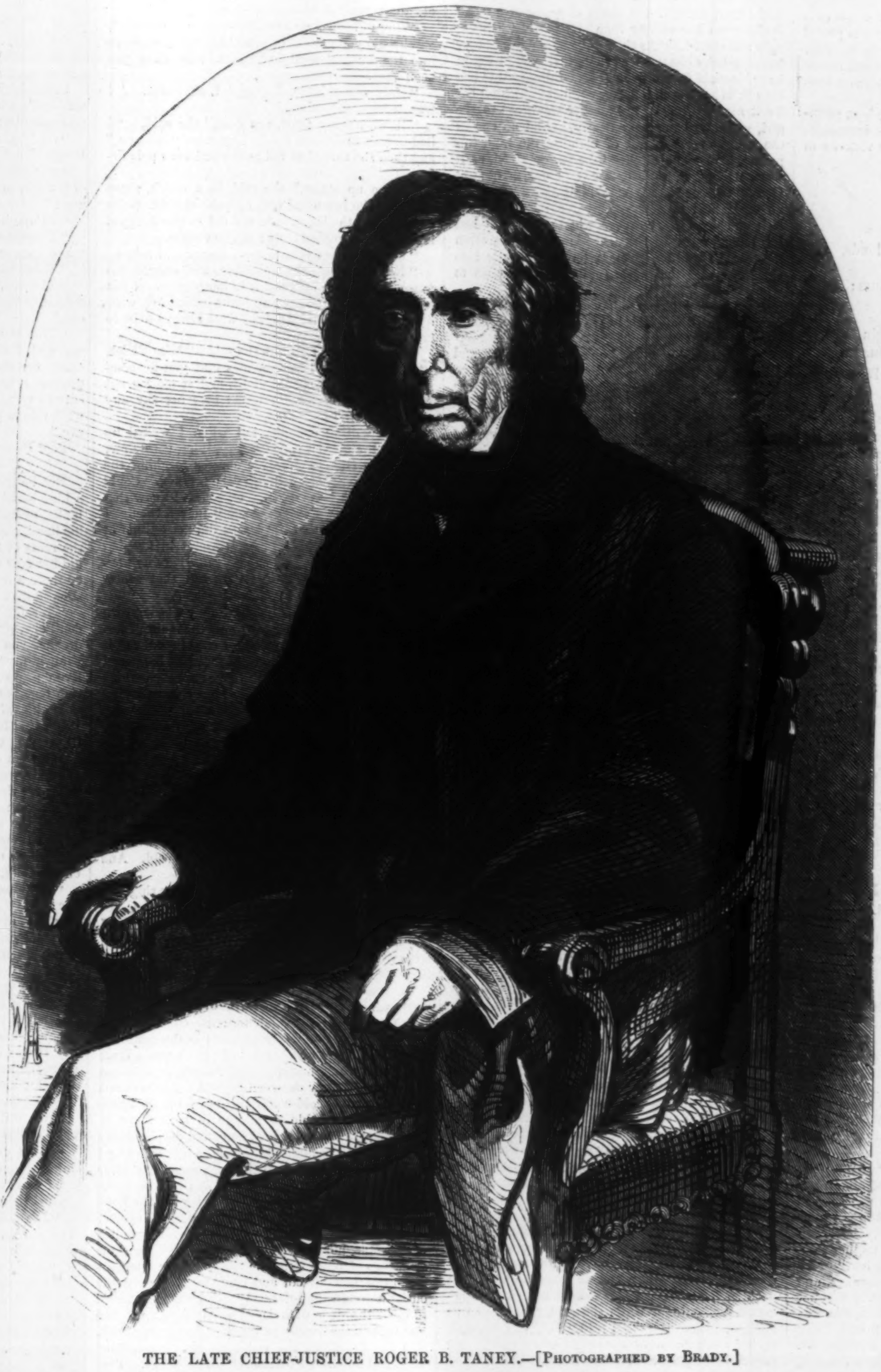
Educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, he was admitted in 1799 to the bar. He practiced law for a short time in his native county, from which, in 1800, he was elected a delegate to the General Assembly. He took up his residence at Frederick in 1801, and was elected State Senator in 1816. At the age of forty-five Mr Taney removed to Baltimore, where he resided during the remainder of his life. He was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland, holding that office for four years, at the expiration of which term he was appointed by President Jackson Attorney-General of the United States.

This, it will be remembered, was the period when there was great political strife on the subject of a United States Bank. Two years after his appointment, in 1833, Jackson had determined upon a singular measure to carry out his policy. Mr. Duane was then Secretary of the Treasury, and, thoroughly in favor of the Bank, was therefore opposed to the policy of the President. Without the knowledge of his Cabinet, Jackson instructed Duane to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. The Secretary declined to follow this instruction, and was, in accordance with Jackson's usual manner, summarily deposed. Taney was then appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and immediately had the deposits removed. Taney had been appointed by the President, but as the appointment was certain to be rejected by the Senate, it was not submitted to that body until the latest moment.

Mr. Taney at this crisis resigned, but within a year was appointed by the President Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in place of Duvall, resigned. This appointment also was rejected by the Senate, much to Jackson's chagrin. But it was not long before Chief-Justice Marshall was so good as to die, and leave vacant a still higher office in the President's gift. The Senate had been somewhat remodeled in the interval, and when the appointment of Taney to fill the office vacated was submitted to that body it was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice Taney took his seat on the Supreme Bench in 1837, at the age of sixty.

Judge Taney has held this high and honorable position for twenty-seven years. During this time he has administered the official oath at the inauguration of seven Presidents.—His decisions have been always respected, and, with the exception of the famous Dred Scott decision, have been subject to no animadversion.

Chief-Justice Taney died at Washington October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven. He is buried at Frederick, his former residence.



THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

We give on this page, and on pages 692 and 696, sketches relating to the Army of the James. The Battle of Darbytown, illustrated on this page, occurred on Friday, October 7. Butler's extreme right was held by Kautz's cavalry alone, though not far in the advance of Terry's division. In the opening between the woods on the right and those on the left is disclosed the Darbytown Road, on which Kautz's cavalry was driven in. Through the woods on the right the rebels, led by Hoke, Gary, and Field, advanced to flank Terry's division. From the woods on the left their artillery maintained a heavy cannonade. In the fore-ground appears a section of the Federal intrenchment seized from the rebels in previous engagements. The enemy made two attacks, in both of which he was repulsed with great loss, and on retiring to the Darbytown Road he was attacked in flank, but succeeded, under cover of his guns, in drawing off his men.

An illustration on page 692 represents the Pennsylvania Soldiers Voting at the Head-quarters of the Army of the James. Our soldiers do not by fighting our battles cease to be citizens, but are even more interested than others in the maintenance of the civil institutions for which they are ready to give up their lives. There can be no doubt as to the loyalty and sincerity of these men.

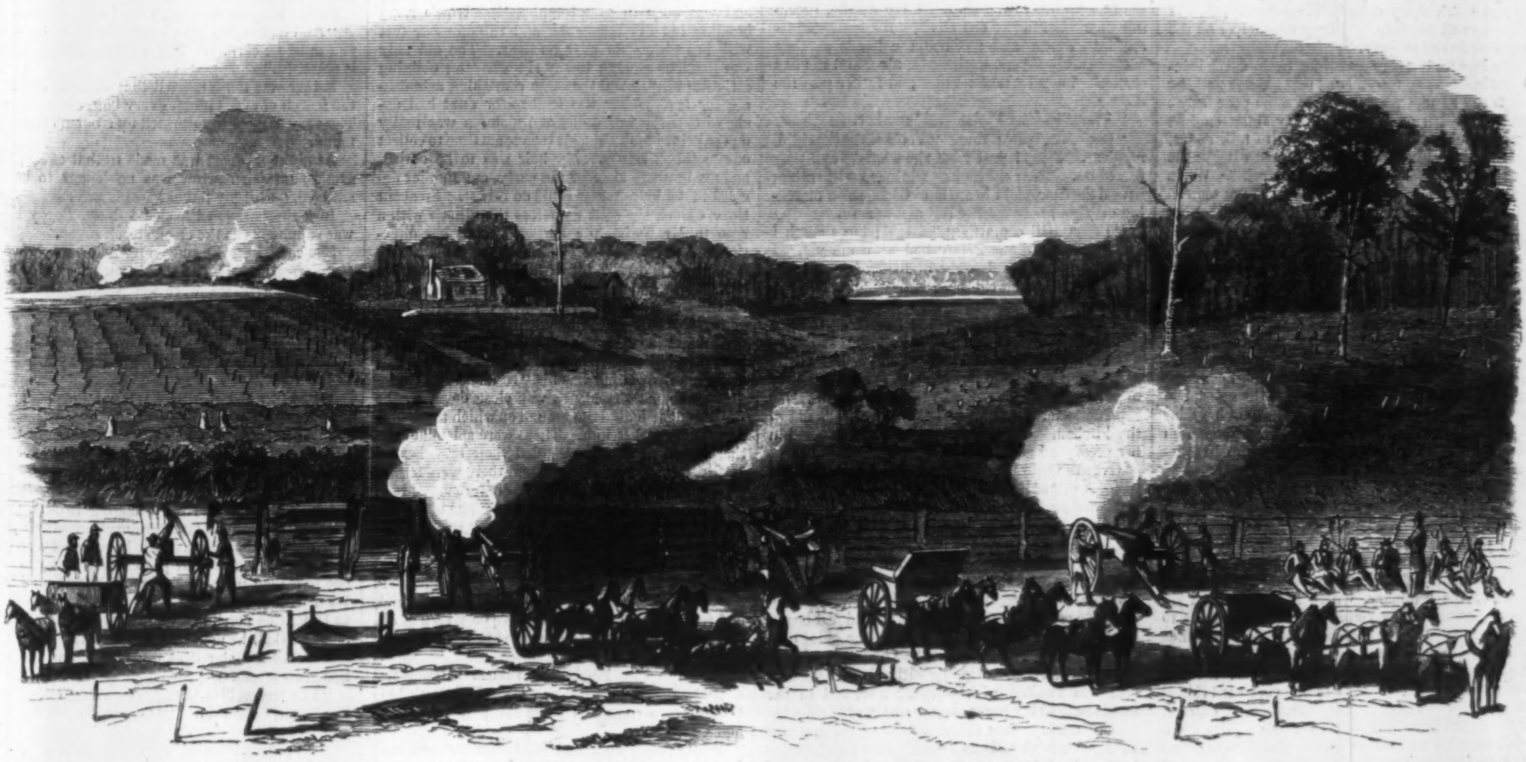
On the same page we have another scene at Head-quarters—viz., at the Guard-House, where deserters and rebel prisoners are gathered together, in various attitudes and costumes, about their wood fire. The two elderly men—one with the silk hat, and the other at his side—are the two clerks in the Treasury Department at Richmond who were out on picket duty, and walked accidentally into our lines. They will be among the prisoners that General Butler proposes to place in Dutch Gap, in retaliation for the ill-treatment of our colored soldiers who have been placed in labor at Fort Gilmer.

The sketch on page 696 represents the scenes attending a Night after a Battle. The night is usually spent in bringing in the dead and wounded. Sometimes this is not possible, and the sufferings of the wounded are in such cases pitiable, ending not unfrequently in death.

A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.

On our first page we give a sketch in which are grouped together three of our most distinguished cavalry officers, namely, Kautz, Merritt, and Wilson.

August V. Kautz was born in Germany. He was appointed to the Military Academy from Ohio in 1848, and four years afterward graduated with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He has performed distinguished services in many a raid during this war. Ill-luck has sometimes attended him—as in the



THE BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN ROAD, October 7, 1864.—[Sketched by William Waud.]

assault on Petersburg, in which he was not properly supported; and also in the late repulse of his cavalry on the Darbytown Road, where he was posted in a situation which is never tenable by cavalry. His daring reconnoissances have penetrated nearer to Richmond than our troops have otherwise been able to reach.

Generals MERRITT and WILSON have been prominently engaged in SHERIDAN'S recent campaign, and have contributed materially to his victories in the Shenandoah Valley.

ALBERT DURER.

TRUE artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours:
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think him more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip, he
Was cured of his too heavenly dreams
By this morose Xantippe.

Within a little room up stairs
Worked Albert late and early;
Beneath he heard her supple tongue,
That ceased its rattle rarely.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky
And soar'd on wing elastic,
Until she pull'd the string, and brought
Him down to cares domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the sad expression:
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson!

For when I envy him his fame—
The critics' fume and furor,
I look at Letty, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer!

PEGGY HOOD.

A GIRL'S STORY.

PEGGY HOOD was our nursery maid. We were very small, and, I have no doubt, very troublesome children when she came among us; but she was never out of temper, or seemingly weary of doing what we wanted done, whether our wishes turned toward a story, a new doll's dress, or a romp in the garden. "An admirable manager of children," my mother said, and I remember wondering what she meant; for Peggy's art consisted, I think, in never letting us see that she had any idea that we were managed. She taught us our letters and the Church Catechism, also some hymns. Sometimes she read to us, and seemed almost as much interested in the stories as we were ourselves. And she had the sort of pretty, round, kind face that children always like.

From the first my mother took a fancy to her, and engaged her despite the warning of almost every lady of the village. The Hoods were a bad set, they said, and they wondered that Miss Payne could think of putting such a person in so responsible a situation. For all answer my mother said, "I like the girl's face, and mean to try her." And so Peggy came into our nursery one morning, and staid there apparently well content. She was not of the class servants usually come from, nor was she a lady. An honest, womanly girl, with frank manners, a pretty face, and a decent, common education—that was all. And that was enough. "For," said my mother, "I can bring my children up and teach them accomplishments myself. I only want a little help." Peggy *was* help, and the very best in our nursery.

The love for hunting something to the death is inherent in some natures—most, I fear. When nothing else is to be had, they get hold of some poor body's character. No one could say any thing against Peggy; but her father was a man to talk about, and the poor girl was never mentioned without the remark that she "came of a bad stock." When she was a little child he had been a young man in the employ of a merchant of the place, who, taking a liking to him on account of his handsome face (Peggy looked like him, every one was glad to say), had trusted him—though at first his position was almost a menial one—until he was deeper in his confidence than the oldest clerk of the establishment. Some said through habits of dissipation, others through gambling, young Hood was tempted to betray his trust at last; and he absconded with an immense sum of money one fine morning, conducting matters in such a silly way that the police had nothing to do but to walk quietly up to him, collar him, and take the proofs of the transaction from his pocket. The fiend who tempted him had deserted him in his time of need, and it seemed as though he courted detection. So they said who told me the story. He was punished, but, through the intercession of his employer, who had liked him very much, not as severely as might have been. What became of him, and whether he lived or died, no one knew. But there was a story among the girls of the seminary, where Peggy had earned board and tuition by house-work, that he came to see the poor girl now and then slyly, and that once Miss Richards, the assistant, caught her talking to him from the window. As for the poor mother, she died, but not before people said very hard things of her. She was starved into wrong-doing, I fancy. And poor Peggy was an orphan when Miss Richards took her as a sort of slave. She always called it "an act of charity." Mother said it was one of economy. There Peggy learned to scrub and to read, to wash dishes and to cipher, and, being pretty and clever, brought the taunt of being of a "bad stock" upon her oftener than she would by being ugly and stupid. "As though," mother would say, hugging baby closer—"as though this child would be to blame if *I* were to steal something. It is bad enough to have such a father without punishing her for it also." And so my mother was good to the girl, who loved her very dearly. And no one in the house ever thought of blaming the kind impulse which made mother take Peggy Hood, as it were, under her protection, except our great-aunt Glengarrow, and as she found fault with every thing no one wondered.

It was annoying, however, when the old lady lost her handkerchief or her gold glasses, as she often did, for she was forgetful, to have her bustle into the room with the most ominous countenance to whisper:

"Ellen, you'll have to have Peggy Hood's trunk searched this time. I always said no good could come of that family."

The lost articles always turned up, however, and Peggy never heard of the suspicion, poor child! One thing in Peggy's conduct was odd, and one thing only. She was a sort of miser. Her wages were paid regularly, and were good, but she seldom spent a cent; but darned, and patched, and made over old dresses which were given to her without buying a new one. So much so that my mother often said:

"I've a mind to spend Peggy's wages for her, and lay in a stock of comfortable clothes for the silly girl. Economy can be carried too far."

As for aunt Glengarrow, she always said "acquisitiveness was the ruin of Jack Hood, as it will be of his daughter. I must watch my diamonds." For the pride of grand-aunt Glengarrow's heart was a set of costly diamonds—ring, brooch, and ear-rings, which had been left her by her grandmother. Mother thought Peggy was putting by her wages in a bank for a rainy day. *I* believed that she was "saving up" for some very fine clothes, as I had often saved my pocket-money to purchase a doll or toy, carriage and horses. It was father's custom when he paid the servants to give me Peggy's in an envelope to take to her. So I always particularly noticed the day, and always expected to see poor Peggy very fine suddenly some bright Sunday. But month after month passed, and still Peggy Hood went to church in mother's old brown merino, with the tear across the breadths nicely darned—a dress that had been tucked into the rag-bag long before.

One winter's evening—a rainy one, with a damp warm air instead of the bracing cold which we expect at that season—I had been put to bed early, before my father came home to tea, it having been discovered that I had taken cold and was feverish. I had had a foot-bath and some homeopathic pills, and was tucked in in one of dear old grandma's blankets, but I was not properly thankful, I fear; for I wanted to be out in the hall, playing with my brothers, who were spinning a humming-top there.

Mother came in after tea and kissed and petted me, and, with a laugh, tossed me the envelope. "Give Peggy her money," she said; "and, Peggy, I'd advise you to get a new cloak—a good warm one; your shawl is not thick enough for this weather."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Peggy, turning scarlet as she put the envelope in her purse just as it was. But she made no answer about the cloak. I said to myself, "She doesn't mean to buy one," and I think mother thought so too, for she looked a little provoked, and in a few moments kissed me and went down stairs. After she had gone poor Peggy covered her face with both hands and cried very softly, fancying, I think, that I did not notice her. Then she busied herself putting away all untidy things in the room, folding my clothes, and shutting medicine bottles into the chest upon the table, but with such a poor, sad face that I have never forgotten it. After a while she said, "Shall you be lonely if I leave you?" I said "No;" and she took up her work and went out, but I was so weak and nervous that I began in a few moments to see something white or uncannily black in every corner as soon as the door was shut. I lay awake, listening to the ticking of the clock, until it formed itself into words, and watched the hands as they passed slowly around until eight, nine, and ten had struck. Then I heard mother and father pass the door.

"I must look at Violet," said mother.

"Nonsense," said father. "You'd wake the child, my dear. Sleep is just what she wants;" and they passed on. Then old cook, waddling and panting, passed the door, and I heard aunt Glengarrow marching overhead between her bed and bureau.

"Peggy will come next," I said; but though I waited another hour Peggy had not come yet. I began to be wretched. My night-lamp was burning dim. Some horrid thing with wings was buzzing in the room. I was afraid to look into the corners at all. And in desperation I resolved to arise and look for Peggy.

I put on stockings and a shawl and took the little night-lamp and stole down stairs. I knew where to go, for Peggy's work was the crimping of some cap ruffles for my aunt, and this she always did in the kitchen. Once there by the bright fire and in her presence I should be safe.

Over the cold floor and down stairs I went on tiptoe. A ray of light fell through the keyhole of the kitchen door. I opened it and peeped in. On the table a light was burning, and there lay a white paper box heaped with the neatly crimped caps, but Peggy was not there. Where could she have gone? I went close to the fire for protection as well as warmth, and being ill and feverish and very young began to cry. My whimpering wail had just begun to sound through the kitchen when the outer door opened and Peggy came in. She had a shawl over her head, and it was dripping with rain drops. Her face was swollen with weeping also, and in her hand she held her purse; it was empty; the sides lay loosely against each other, instead of being puffed out by the bank bills as it had been when I saw it last. She did not see me crouching by the fire until the door was bolted; then, when she did catch sight of me, she fell into a chair and began to tremble and turned as white as a sheet.

"How did you come here, Miss Violet?" she cried. "Why did you get out of your bed and come down into the kitchen to-night? How long have you been here?"

"Only one minute, Peggy," I answered. "I was so frightened alone."

"It wasn't my fault, my dear," she said. "I had to wait to—to—to finish those caps, you know," and then she turned as red as she had been pale before.

"Come up stairs," she said, in a quick, sharp voice, unlike her usual one, and she caught up the cap box and the lamp. As she did so she dropped her purse. I picked it up; it *was* empty.

"Have you lost your money, Peggy?" I asked.

"No, it's safe," she answered, and caught the purse from me and slipped it in her pocket. I felt afraid of her, and hurried up stairs behind her, wondering what I should do if she were always to be so cross.

When we were up stairs she said: "Miss Violet, your mother would be very angry at you for coming down stairs this cold night, and at me for not watching you better. We had best not say any thing about it."

I was willing enough; but when I waked up again in the night I heard Peggy, lying beside me, praying to God to "forgive her for teaching the child deception," and sobbing very bitterly. Could she mean me? I wondered. Of course I know that she did now, but I was very small indeed then. I never told my mother—at least I did not tell her at that time—and I kept Peggy's secret in keeping my own; for she *had* a secret, I knew, or she never would have been out in all the rain that winter night. What it was I could not guess.

Time seems long to a child. Peggy was her own pleasant self afterward, and during the month I forgot all about that rainy night, or only thought of it as any one might of something that had happened fifty years before. Only one thing happened which seemed strange. Once, while Peggy was playing with us at keeping house in the cupboard, with sliced apple for dinner on our china play tea-things, a ribbon which she wore about her neck caught in my curls, and I saw something gleaming at the end of it.

"Oh! what is that?" I exclaimed.

She put it back with a sudden start.

"It's only a ring," she said.

"Why don't you wear it on your finger?" I asked.

"It's too large; I should lose it," she said. And then she burst into tears.

"What a child I am!" she said. "The ring was given to me by some one who is dead."

Her father, I thought, but I said nothing; for I had heard the story of the poor man's crime, and felt as though he were too wicked to be mentioned in polite society.

On the first of January three important events occurred. Firstly, we were invited to a party—a very grand sort of an affair for children; secondly, my father paid every servant early in the morning, and gave them a gift besides—Peggy's was a dress pattern, and not money; and, thirdly, grand-aunt Glengarrow nearly drowned herself. She was one of those terrible cold-water people who pride themselves on being able to plunge in head foremost when the thermometer is at zero, and despise every one else who can not do so. And on this bitter first of January she went into the bath-room, and after starting the water could not stop it. The room was built in a very peculiar fashion below the level of the house, and steps went down into it. Of course, in a little place like that the town was not supplied with water, but this had been contrived somehow by means of pipes from the river. Aunt Glengarrow grew bewildered, and could neither open the outlet nor stop the inlet. When mother contrived to open the door with another key—for aunt had lost hers on the floor—the water was up to her neck. She was not much the worse for the fright, however, and a little port-wine set her all right. Peggy showed herself very anxious to do all she could, and was busy in grand-aunt Glengarrow's room handing her dry garments, and rubbing her feet with hot towels for over an hour. The old lady was gracious enough to say she was "an obliging girl after all." And that was something astonishing for her. After the fright—for aunt had declared that she would die, and mamma was really on the point of fainting—it took some time to collect our scattered senses. My hair was to be curled, and my brothers also, for the party, and mother decided that a hair-dresser could do it best. So about three o'clock she sent us across the village with a note to Mr. Twist, the barber, giving her directions. To get to Mr. Twist's we were obliged to cross the bridge which divided Mapletown into two parts, upper and lower. Upper Mapletown was on the north of the river, and was considered most genteel. In Lower Mapletown the store and the tavern and the barber's shop stood, with the plainer houses occupied by the poorer people. On our side every man's dwelling was his "residence."

Mr. Proudfit's residence was close down by the water's edge; indeed the ground on which the bridge rested belonged to him. There were splendid trees there; two great elms tangled their branches together, making an arch-way, and there were bushes and flowering plants hard by. We were very proud of our romantic bridge on our side. The other was bald and bare, with only hard gray road to rest upon. This winter day, of course, the trees were bare, but the trunks were very large, and the wood of the bushes strong and plentiful. Any one could have hidden behind those elms, especially a child, and from the bridge could not have been seen at all.

Just as we reached the spot, John, who had very sharp eyes, looked back.

"There comes Peggy," he said. "Mother has sent her after us. I tell you what, Vi!—let's hide behind these trees, and when she passes jump out and scare her."

We agreed. John and little Fred took one tree, and I another, and we waited. I could see the road best; the boys had a better view of the bridge.

Peggy came on in a great hurry. When she was close by I said, "Now, boys!" But John whispered, in a frightened voice,

"Violette! I say, Violette! don't stir. There's an awful old kidnapper on the bridge, coming as fast as he can!"

I stretched my neck, and there, sure enough, he was—a dreadful man, all rags, and with a bloated face and bloodshot eyes.

"Oh!" gasped John, "he's going to speak to Peggy!"

And so he did. But not to ask her for her money or her life, or any thing of that sort. What he said was:

"I thought you'd never come."

"I couldn't help being late," she answered; "and I must make haste back again."

"What have you got for me?" said the man.

"The usual sum," said Peggy. "They gave me a dress instead of money, like the rest, for a present."

"This is not enough," muttered the man. "I say, girl, I must have the ring. I can get something for that. Confound it, if you knew the dreams I had last night you'd not refuse. I'm sure to win. Luck's been against me so far; but we'll ride in our carriage yet. Give me the ring, I say."

Poor Peggy began to cry.

"Any thing else, any thing else," she sobbed.

But he gave her a rough sort of push—nearly a blow—and caught at the ribbon at her neck. It broke, or came untied, and he had the trinket in his hand, and was off with it. Peggy sat down on the roots of the tree, with a miserable moan, and hid her face on her knee. She had only been seated there a minute when the man came back. He stooped over her, and lifted up her face.

"It's for your own good," he said. "There, don't cry, girl. If I win, as I'm sure to, with such dreams, you shall have it back. I don't rob you to pamper myself. Why, look at my rags? and I live on a crust and a bone. No matter; we'll be rich together yet."

He kissed her on her forehead, and she sobbed, "Oh, God help and save you!" and they parted—he crossing the bridge, she going back home.

We went on to Mr. Twist's, and went home after our hair was done, and had not much chance to talk over the matter that night. But at breakfast-time next morning, John, directly after a description of the supper at the party the night before, burst out suddenly,

"Didn't our Peggy meet a horrid old kidnapper on the bridge, Vi?"

"A kidnapper," asked mother, with a laugh in her eyes.

"Yes, ma," said John; "and she gave him a diamond ring, and he kissed her."

Grand-aunt Glengarrow uttered a little shriek, and started up from the table.

"She's got it at last," she cried. "I knew no good could come from those Hoods!"

I felt a presentiment, and rushed up stairs. I began to laugh.

"It was Peggy's own ring," I said. "She wore it around her neck by a ribbon."

"But kiss a man on the bridge," said mother. "Was he a lover?"

"Oh no!" I answered. "He didn't look like one; at least not like the one I saw in the play."

"I bet you he was; 'cause he kissed her," said John; "but wasn't he funny?"

"I don't half like this," muttered mother.

Just then back came aunt Glengarrow.

"It's gone," she screamed; "the ring is gone. The pin and ear-rings are there; but the ring is gone—worth four hundred dollars—fine stones in it. I told you Peggy Hood came of a bad stock."

Father arose, and put his hand on his aunt's arm.

"Now, auntie," he said, "be quiet; you'll find your ring, as you have your fan and your handkerchief a hundred times."

"I sha'n't," said the old lady. "Do you suppose I leave diamonds of that value lying about loose?"

Father went on as though she had not spoken—

"And before you take away the girl's character you must be certain. Not a word until the house is searched."

Father was master. All that day was spent in the search of every room, every box, every drawer. The very carpets were turned up; but no ring was found.

At night a report was made to that effect; and grand-aunt Glengarrow was no longer to be restrained. Still my father had his way.

Into the parlor, with closed doors, Peggy Hood was summoned as the clock struck seven.

She came in, neat and pretty as ever, expecting some directions for the night, such as were sometimes given if we were not well. Her "well, ma'am" sounded pleasant and unsuspicious.

Mother burst into tears.

"Peggy," she said, "remember I don't believe it. You may be a poor silly girl; but you are not bad, I know."

"Bad!" cried Peggy. "What do you mean, ma'am?"

"We mean you are a thief!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "Like father like child. What have you done with my diamond ring?"

"Hush, auntie," said father. "Now, Peggy, listen. A valuable ring belonging to Mrs. Glengarrow is missing; circumstances appear to point you out as the culprit; we have proof that you have had a ring in your possession; that you gave one to a man near the bridge on New-Year's Day. I am willing to believe you sorely tempted—to be as lenient as possible. Tell us where the ring is, and you shall be mercifully dealt with."

Poor Peggy stared at my father, and her very lips grew white.

"I never saw Mrs. Glengarrow's ring, except upon her finger," she said. "Oh, Sir, do you think so badly of me?"

"Hypocrite!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "You wicked woman. I suppose you'll deny being at the bridge at all."

"She won't do *that*, for I saw her," said John.

"No, master John," said Peggy, "I was there."

"And you met a man and kissed him and gave him something."

"God help us both! Yes."

Poor Peggy clasped her hands as she said this. And my father asked, sternly, "What did you give him?"

"Money," answered Peggy—"money and a ring. It was my own; I have had it three years. You've seen the ribbon round my neck, ma'am."

"A ribbon is not a ring," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Can you prove this?" asked my father.

"Miss Violette saw the ring."

"I did," I said.

"After she'd stolen it," said aunt Glengarrow.

"It was on Wednesday," cried Peggy, eagerly.

"I'm sure I don't know *when* you took the ring," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Peggy," said my father, "if you speak the truth send for this man and let him show the ring you gave him."

"I can not," said Peggy.

"Tell us where he is."

"Never!" answered Peggy Hood; and the tone was so solemn that it sounded like an oath.

"Then you have only your own word for evidence?"

"That is all, Sir. Oh, can't you believe me?"

"I could, Peggy," said father; "but appearances are much against you, and I am not the party most interested here. I'm sorry for you; but unless you tell me that man's name, and where to find him—"

"I can't do that, Sir," said Peggy, with a sob.

"And to screen some disreputable lover you'll lose character and friends," sobbed my mother.

Peggy answered not one word.

To cut a long matter short, aunt Glengarrow used her power, and in a few hours Peggy Hood was arrested on a charge of larceny. Mother and father testified to her good character and behavior. But what John had to tell, child as he was, seemed proof sufficient, and there was that feeling against her, the old story of her father's crime, and the belief that she came of a bad stock and could not do well. Poor Peggy Hood was found guilty.

When I found that all I had to tell about the ring I had seen, which I thought would save her, only went to prove that she had aunt Glengarrow's diamonds in her possession, I was so horrified that it made me quite ill. I fainted, I think, and they took me home, and I was feverish and delirious for a good many days. When I was better, and first able to go down stairs in my little pink dressing-gown, ruffled all around by Peggy's own hands, I found the house in some commotion. The waste-pipe in the bath-room was stopped up, and there had been quite a flood on the lower floor. It had been bailed out, however, and a man was there examining the pipes.

He was a red-faced man—redder than usual I thought from stooping—and very fond of talking. Mother, aunt Glengarrow, and the cook were inspecting his operations with the skirts of their dresses held gingerly up from the damp floor.

"You say this here hasn't been long out o' order," he said. "A gradual accumulation of filth might be the cause—"

"A gradual accumulation of filth in my house, indeed!" said mother.

"Or servants might have thrown in bones or potato peelings."

"*Me* throw tater skins in the bath-room!" gasped cook.

"Or some lady might hev lost off a stocking."

"What does the man think of me?" said Aunt Glengarrow. "The thing is out of order. The day I was drowned I said so."

"Drowned, mum?" cried the man amazed.

"Nearly, I mean," said aunt. "Well, what now?"

"I've discovered suthin," said the man, poking the pipe with vigor. "It *is* a stocking! There now!" and out came with a tug a dingy wad of stuff which might have once been gray, or blue, or even white.

"So it is," said mother.

"No it isn't," said aunt. "It's paper."

The man had come forward with his prize, holding it between a thumb and finger. In the hall without stood a table and he laid it there, the rest gathering around. Twisted by the pipe it was hard to tell what the bit of muslin had been, but the big fingers unwound the ball, and before us lay a handkerchief embroidered and marked G. G.

"It's one of yours, aunt," said mother.

Aunt Glengarrow turned pale.

"And there's something tied up in the corner," said the man. "A bit of money likely, if I can but get it out; that has helped to wedge it. Ah, there it is!" and with a final tug the knot was undone and out upon the table rolled my grand-aunt Glengarrow's diamond ring.

"Great Heavens!" cried my aunt. "I remember now distinctly tying up the ring in my handkerchief and putting it about my neck to keep it safe. I've perjured myself!" And for the first time in her life aunt Glengarrow fainted in good earnest, while mother went off into hysterics.

We are not heathen at Mapletown. So I need not tell you that Peggy was set free at once, and that father brought her home to our house again. But of course you don't know, unless I tell you, that when mother said, "Peggy, if you want me to think right well of you, you must tell me the truth about that man on the bridge on New-Year's Day." The poor girl said, "I couldn't tell you then; it might have harmed him, and could have done me no good. It was my poor father, ma'am, who has found the world against him for so many years, and who gambles away all he can earn, and all that I can give him. God help him! And the ring—no diamond, only a common stone of some kind though the gold was good—was a present from Will Brace, who would have married me if he had not gone down at sea with the rest of the crew of the *Star Queen* three years ago. And Peggy burst into tears, and mother kissed her, and we were so glad to have her back again. I like a story that ends well; and this time the truth is very pleasant. Only think of father's hunting up that poor wretched gambler, Jack Hood, and taking him into his own office and saving him after all; and of one day a great ocean steamer bringing back a crew of shipwrecked men taken from a desert island, and of one of those sailors being Will Brace, our Peggy's betrothed lover. It sounds too good to be true; but it is. And Peggy was married last Thursday in the church, looking lovely in her pure white dress. And that father of hers was there to give her away, quite a nice looking elderly man in black, not the least like the wretched creature who shivered on the bridge on New-Year's Day five years before. And, strangest of all, though just as true as the rest, aunt Glengarrow was there, in the best of humors, to give that dear old Peggy Hood the identical diamond ring as a wedding present. And it was altogether like a play, with every thing turning out right in the last act.

MY BOY BEN.

"Cindy!"

The girl leaned from the window of the room she was dusting. Fair and blue-eyed, somewhat pretty, there was yet a lurking something in her face that told you she belonged to the subject race.

"Yes, Ben," looking up and down the fragrant garden paths for the owner of the voice, and finally right down beneath the window, where he stood with a pruning-knife in his hand and some clippings from the tall flowering shrub he had been trimming. Nothing in *his* face to tell what blood darkened in his veins, unless it might be the spark that smouldered, as it were, in his full dark eye. He was tall and lithely made, his features aristocratic enough in mould for the most exacting taste, and he carried himself like a prince in disguise.

"It's true, Cindy, what I told you. Master Perry is only home on furlough. He's taken a commission in the Richmond army. I saw his uniform hid away in the oak wardrobe, not half an hour ago. And the family are going back with him when he goes. So it's good-by to our chance if we don't take it pretty soon."

"What shall we do, Ben?" Cindy said, clasping her hands.

Ben reached up and pulled her ear down to a level with his lips.

"Take our chance to-night, if we care enough for it," he whispered; "the Union lines are only six miles off."

"But master will go after us," she answered, in the same breathless voice.

"I know; and they'd give us up to him, because he pretends to be Union. And I can't prove that he ain't. But, my girl, we won't go as *Cindy and Ben*. You'll put on a suit of Master Walt's, and I shall wear Master Perry's uniform!"

Cindy drew back from Ben's triumphant look, fairly aghast with the daringness of the proposition.

"Don't you be scared, Cindy, it ain't half so bad as to stay. And remember what that would be. How did your old mother die? and where's Jube? and what was Lizzy whipped for? Will you go?"

Cindy was crying bitterly. "Yes, oh yes!"

"Get away as early as you can then, to-night, and wear a suit of Master Walt's. Look as much like him as you can; I'll be waiting at the bottom of the garden."

It was near midnight when the two met again at the foot of the garden; Cindy looking as much like the spruce young student, Master Walt, as his clothes could make her, but shaking with fear till her teeth chattered.

Ben she at first took for Master Perry himself, and was for running back to the house when he stopped her. Ben's eyes flashed like the buttons on his master's uniform.

"Do I look enough like him to pass for him, Cindy?" he asked, drawing himself up.

"You look like his very self, Ben."

"Then I am him, Captain Perry Littlejohn, of the Confederate service—remember, Cindy—and you're my boy Jube, and I'm going to desert to the old flag I never wanted to fight against. That's about what I heard a deserter tell 'em when I went to the Union camp with a load of sweet-potatoes the other day. Wonder if those Yankee soldiers will see any resemblance between Captain Littlejohn and his boy Ben?"

Cindy watched her lover, speechless with admiration; too much bewildered, indeed, to detect the fine sarcasm that underlay his light speech.

"The devil! ha, ha! ho, ho! What the mischief does this mean, Ben, you rascal?"

It was Captain Perry himself, who had been listening some time among the branches of the tree under which they stood, waiting for the night to get a little darker. He swung himself down now, and laid his hand lightly on Ben's shoulder, almost convulsed with laughter at the idea of *his* servant in *his* uniform, and pretending to pass for *himself*!

"It means that I'm going to try freedom, Master Perry," said Ben, quietly. "Come, Cindy."

He sprang from under Littlejohn's hand, and darted down the avenue.

Poor Cindy was too frightened to move, and let Master Perry take her back to the house without the faintest show of resistance.

Master Perry was very angry by this time; but he did not offer to pursue the fugitive.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered. "I'll go over to the Union camp after him to-morrow; and I don't think he'll ever try it again after I've given him a certain practical illustration of the consequences of such impertinence. Won't the Yankees stare, though—curse them—when they find that, instead of Captain Littlejohn, deserter, they've only got my slave-boy, Ben? They're just soft enough to swallow that imposition."

Cindy listened to him, shuddering. She had often heard Ben say he would never live to be whipped; and some instinct of this in the family had hitherto spared him such ignominy. Now, however, it seemed that nothing could save him.

True to his word, Master Perry went over to the Union camp in the morning to claim his slave. He had rested very contentedly overnight in the belief that he would experience no difficulty in obtaining possession of him, and his meditations were chiefly of the punishment necessary to prevent such impertinence in future. Ben was very spirited; he knew that well enough; but all the more reason why his spirit should be broken.

"A fellow representing himself as Captain Littlejohn, deserter from the Confederate service?" repeated the officer to whom Littlejohn presented himself. "Why, yes, I believe we have got such a man here. He's under guard, though, till the matter can be investigated. Do you know any thing about him?"

Littlejohn laughed.

"I ought to, seeing I'm Cap—ahem—Littlejohn myself, and the fellow you have got is only my boy Ben, done up in my—ahem—in a uniform the fellow got hold of somewhere."

"What?"

Littlejohn repeated his story somewhat more coherently. There were some quicksands in the vicinity of that uniform, but he floundered through them; and Colonel Manning, amused and perplexed both, sent a file of men after the mysterious Captain.

Ben came into the presence, looking like a Major-General at the very least. The uniform became him wonderfully, and having already snuffed a few hours of free air he carried himself several inches taller than usual, and looked so handsome and dignified withal that it was much easier believing Littlejohn "my boy Ben" than Ben himself.

"You certainly do resemble each other," said Colonel Manning to the slave claimant, "and really, Sir, where master and slave so strangely resemble each other, really—"

He hesitated, still between amusement and real perplexity, while Littlejohn colored, angrily.

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" feeling for his sword; but Ben had it.

"By no means, Captain."

Ben, at too great a distance to hear the conversation, was regarding his quondam master with an indescribably ferocious air, copied from the most approved specimens of Southern chivalry he had ever seen.

"Captain, this gentleman lays a very singular claim to—"

The bogus Captain interrupted the hesitating sentence with a ferocious scowl, and then laughing lightly, said,

"You are facetious, Colonel, ha! ha! to call my boy Ben this gentleman."

Here was a situation! Which was "My boy Ben," or was either? The Colonel began to look cloudy, vaguely suspecting that he was being made the victim of some family hoax.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see no other way but to place you both under arrest till this matter can be properly investigated."

"Come to inform against me as a rebel, eh?" asked Ben, slave wit getting ahead of the gentlemanly instinct on the other side.

"You rascal—" began Littlejohn; but Colonel Manning informed him that personal invective could not be indulged there, the *Captain* showed himself quite the most a gentleman of the two.

"Captain? *he's* no Captain: this is an outrage, Colonel Manning—a deliberate outrage!"

"Why, Ben, what game are you up to now? The cleverest joker you ever saw, Colonel," the real Ben said, with an air that staggered Littlejohn himself.

Colonel Manning tried to smile, but it was hard work, the whole affair was so bewildering. And he had grown more and more suspicious that he was being hoaxed somehow. His sentiments concerning the contrabands were peculiar, somebody might have hit upon this plan to test them.

He accordingly, as the simplest way out of the dilemma, ordered the mysterious pair both under arrest for the present.

Southern temper was scarcely able to contain itself then, and sputtered and fumed vehemently, but in vain. Ben marched away with his chuckling guard like a conquering hero.

A messenger was dispatched to the Littlejohn family mansion when Master Perry got cool enough to suggest such a proceeding. But the messenger must have lost his way, though it was plain enough, for nothing more was heard of him till the following day toward noon.

Meanwhile, next morning, a little before light, a blue-eyed, fair-faced young woman calling herself Cindy, came struggling into the Union camp, and fell fainting with terror at the feet of the compassionate picket who hailed her. A slight examination showed that it was probably not altogether terror made the girl faint. Her shoulders were bruised and lacerated: she had been whipped for trying to run away. That was evident enough.

We all know what Yankee soldiers are in such a case. One of those who stood there and heard poor Cindy's story had dabbled in law before he became a soldier, and was consequently dubbed "the lawyer" by his comrades. He managed somehow to get speech with Captain Littlejohn *alias* Ben; and the consequence was, that when Colonel Manning, having pondered the matter, had that curious case of "My boy Ben" up again in the morning, Ben, looking as much like a Major-General as ever, told the Colonel with dignified courtesy that if he would permit him (Ben) to say a few words and ask a few questions, he would prove entirely to his satisfaction which of the two was really Captain Littlejohn.

Colonel Manning assented, and Ben proceeded:

"If even I were the slave of this man calling himself Perry Littlejohn, has not the United States Congress passed a law confiscating the slaves of all rebels?"

"Congress has passed such a law."

"Then, Sir, this matter is easy of settlement. For the easier arrangement of it I am willing to acknowledge that I *was* the property of Perry Littlejohn; but having in my possession proof that he is a rebel. I am now confiscated to the United States. This uniform, you will find, if you wish to test the matter, fits that gentleman better even than myself. I took it from his wardrobe the night I came here. In this pocket of it you will find his commission, under rebel signature, as an officer in the rebel army. By sending to his father's house and examining his father's private papers you will find ample proof that he is also a rebel. Till you have ascertained these circumstances to be as I represent them, Colonel, I shall await with hope that judgment which makes me either a free man or *his slave*."

Perry Littlejohn, Esq., had very little to say—or rather he had much, but it was of little avail.

His father, coming to claim Cindy, was detained till a sort of investigating committee could be sent to his house.

The result proved that Ben had told the truth, and Colonel Manning being very exact in such matters, the Littlejohn slaves fulfilled the letter of the law, and became confiscated.

They had a wedding in camp the next day.. Ben and Cindy were married.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One of our city confectioners advertises broken hearts for thirteen cents per pound!

Eau Where, and Eau Where!—"There has been a frightful fire," we have just read, "at Vichy." Well, then, we should like to know what the Vichy waters we hear about are worth?

The Coward's "Arms."—His *legs.*

Man is born of woman; and he may often die of her.

Why is a washer-woman like Saturday?—Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

Notice.—The gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home without stopping to take his breath is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.

Soft words butter no parsnips, but a new bonnet presented to a wife will cover a multitude of her husband's sins.

Passage from the Diary of a "Late" Physician.—"The fellow got well before I came."

Those who "sow wild oats generally reap a crop of *tears*."

Multum in Parvo.—The soul in the body.

A Third-Bottle Conundrum.—When are the Funds unsteady?—When money is "tight."

An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

QUIET AMUSEMENT.

Curious Inquirer. "Gardener, why do you water the sidewalk so much?"

Gardener.—"Sure, master has nothing to amuse him, and so he makes me keep the sidewalk wet, while he looks out o' the windy at the ladies' ankles."

The surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened by some mischance to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack: "he was drowned last night in his own medicine chest."

"I'm very much surprised," quoth Harry,
"That Jane a gambler should marry."
"I'm not at all," her sister says,
"You know he has such winning ways!"

One of the curiosities some time since shown at a public exhibition professed to be a skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman present observed that it could not be Cromwell's, as he had a very large head, and this was a small skull. "Oh, I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed; "but, you see, this was his skull when he was a boy."

It is too true that there are many patriots, who, while they bleat about the "*cause* of liberty," act in so interested a manner that they are evidently looking more after the *effects*.

An Englishman paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the "dirty urchin" said, "My honey, all the *polish* you have is upon your boots, and I gave you that."

They can not be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the street were his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray may I ask—*are you any body in particular?*" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply practically or otherwise to the query, Hook had passed on.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife are *one*, you know;
And when *alone* I'm weary!"

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be!"

A man with one eye laid a wager with another man, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. "You have lost," says the first; "I can see the *two* eyes in your face, and you can see only *one* in mine."

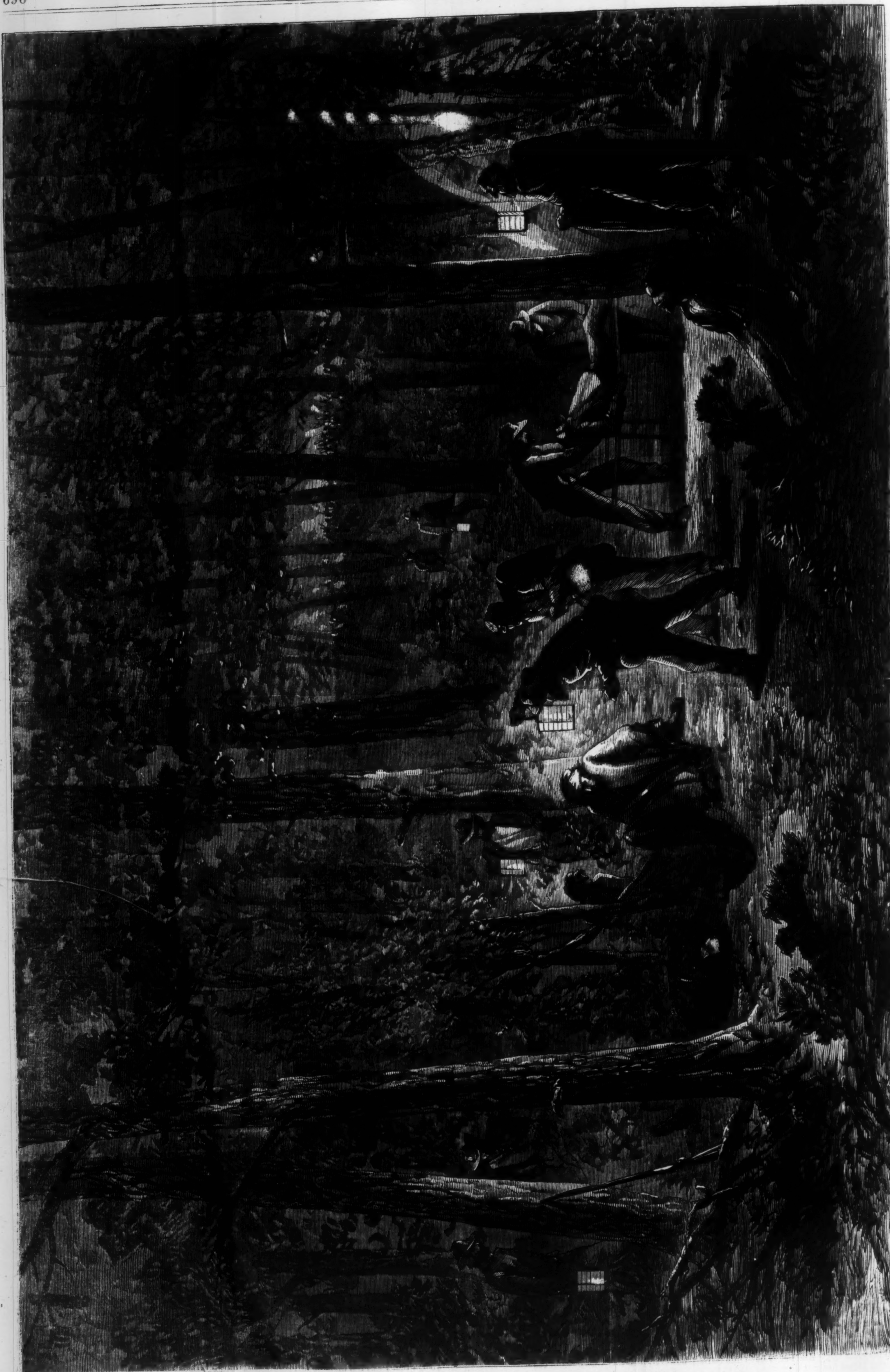
What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bombshell?—One is heir to the throne, the other is thrown to the air. [The Prince himself, on hearing this, declared it to be simply a-bomb-inable.]

"When I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I loved her so much that I could have eaten her; and now," he added, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven I had."

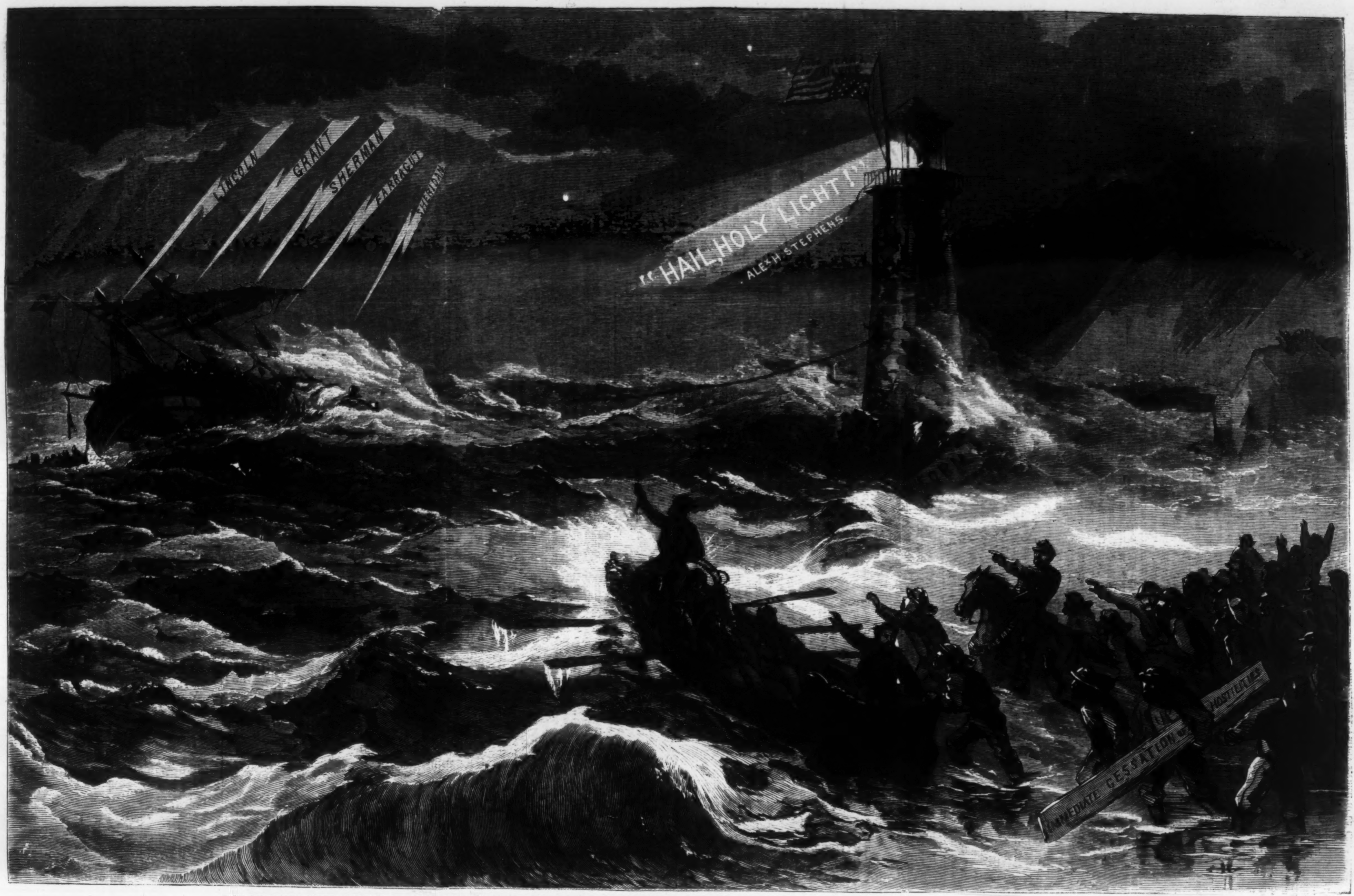
NEVER DESPAIR.

The *very obstacles* to fame
Are *stepping-stones* unto the same.

Miss Annie Mossity and Mrs. Ann Tippathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Billity, and remove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.



NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 693.]


LINCOLN
GRANT
SHERMAN
FARRAGUT
SHERIDAN
"HAIL, HOLY LIGHT!"
ALEX. H. STEPHENS.
IMMEDIATE CESSATION OF
HOSTILITIES

THE FORLORN HOPE—THE SHIP "SECESSION" IN THE BREAKERS, THE CHICAGO WRECKERS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE.—Sketched by Theodore Jones.—[See Page 691.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LI.

PRESENTIMENT.

The countess and Lily were speedily installed in the Cottage.

The dwelling placed at the countess's disposal by Mr. M'Variety might, with almost equal propriety, have been dubbed the Barn, or the Mansion House, or the Log Cabin; for it partook, in pretty well-balanced degrees, of each and every one of the characteristics of the edifices just mentioned. Perhaps, when Ranelagh was the country-house of some great seventeenth-century nobleman, it had been a Mansion—indeed, it yet boasted a fine old carved porch, and some latticed windows with deep embrasures of stone, which had a Mansion House look; but it had been half burned down, and patched up again with bricks and boards in a most heterogeneous fashion. What kind of roof it had originally possessed was uncertain. The existing one was certainly of thatch. Its career had been an eminently varied one; and successive lessees of Ranelagh had put it to all kinds of uses. Mrs. Snuffburn, the housekeeper, who had lived through many managements, and whose memory was prodigious, was ready to take her affidavit that she had known the Cottage when it was converted into a cow-house. Manager Wobbels, who rented the gardens in '36, the Great Balloon year, was of an agricultural turn of mind, and kept pigs in the garden attached to the Cottage. His famous trotting pony, Hydrocephalous, was put out to grass in the adjoining paddock, and in the great hall he kept the Indian corn which he had grown after an approved recipe of the late Mr. Cobbett. The corn came up beautifully; only the rats devoured the greater portion of the crop when it was garnered in, and the residue turned bad, so as to excite, the rather, ridicule than competition when exhibited on a stall in Mark Lane as the Royal Ranelagh Corn.

Monsieur Folliculaire, from Paris, who took the Gardens in the Coronation year (you remember: Folliculaire of Tivoli and the Montagnes Russes, who used to give promenade concerts long before Jullien was heard of), "remounted," to use his own expression, and redecorated the Cottage in the Louis Quinze style, covering the ceilings with flying personages out of Lemprière's Dictionary, and very scantily attired, and the walls with mirrors, gaseliers, and festooned draperies of pink and white glazed calico. Folliculaire was an imaginative man, mad as a March hare. His endeavors, nevertheless, were commendable. At the clapping of hands tables laden with the choicest viands and the rarest wines were to rise through trap-doors; you had only to lift a corner of the table-cloth to find the keys of a harpsichord; and the ice-creams were always sent up in shapes representing the Vénus de Médicis or the Belle Chocolatière. But the machinery of the supper-tables wouldn't work, and the choice viands and rare wines were apt either to stick, in medio, between supper-room and cellar, after the manner of Mohammed's coffin, or else to shoot up suddenly, with alarming crash of crockery-ware, scattering dismay and gravy among the assembled guests. Compelled to have recourse to manual aid in lieu of mechanical appliances, Folliculaire engaged waitresses who wore high powdered toupees, hoops, short skirts, and high-heeled shoes, according to the pattern of the shepherdesses of Watteau and Lancret. These young ladies, however, complained that the high-heeled shoes, in addition to being painful to walk upon, conduced to corns, and that the powder spoiled their hair. Folliculaire suggested wigs; but the perrukes were continually tumbling into plates of lobster salad, and, besides, made the young ladies' hands ache. In despair, he replaced the shepherdesses by a corps of graceful nymphs attired as vivandières of the French army; and for a while the blue tunics, white aprons, and scarlet pantaloons proved very attractive; but, as a rule, the British aristocracy were languid in availing themselves of the delights of the Trianon Pompadour; and the sudden bankruptcy and flight of Folliculaire (he now keeps a coffee-house at Malta) nipped in the bud his ingenious project for converting the Trianon into an Oriental Kiosque, with divans for smokers, and a bevy of houris, dressed like Gulbeyaz in Don Juan, to hand chibouques, narghilés, and coffee to the visitors, and execute Bayadère dances in the centre of the saloon.

By turns property-room, scene-shed, fire-work repository, and general repository for odds and ends, the Cottage had fallen into a curious state of dilapidation. The night-watchman lived there at one period. Sundry cocks and hens found out that the deserted rooms were good places to roost in, but they were at length driven out by the rats. At last a legend, which had long lain dormant, was revived, and the Cottage was declared to be haunted. The watchman, who averred that he had seen sights "enuff to make a man's marrer turn to hice," but was otherwise (as is ordinarily the case with ghost-seers) unable to particularize that which he had seen, removed to other quarters; while people, who hadn't seen any thing, were, as usual, quite ready to invest the supernatural visitants of the Cottage with a definite form, only they were not unanimous. There was a party for a lady in a white night-gown much bedabbled with blood; there was another (headed by the cook) who placed implicit faith in the nocturnal appearance of a figure with horns and hoofs, who vomited sulphurous flames, and was supposed to be the spectre of a deceased fire-work man, who had sold himself to the Enemy of Mankind; while a by no means uninfluential section, who pinned their faith to the assertions of the chief lamplighter, entertained no doubt whatever as to the periodical issue from the Cottage of two skeleton forms, mounted, one on the shoulders of the other, on a black horse, with eyes of fire. These were at once set down as the phantoms of the dauntless but unfortunate Babylonian Brothers, both of whom contrived to break their necks in a dare-devil ring performance in the reign of Manager Wobbel.

His subordinates thought Mr. M'Variety a very bold man, when, on assuming the lesseeship of Ranelagh, he announced his intention of living in the haunted Cottage. People tried to dissuade him from the idea, but he laughed them to scorn. "Just the very thing I've been trying for all my life," he remarked, in answer to their expostulations. "Only show me a downright bona fide ghost," he said, "and if it's a he, or if it's a she, I'll sign a three years' engagement with that ghost at ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds a week. What stunning double crown posters we would have out about it to be sure! Eh, Billy Van Post? 'The Ghost at Ranelagh: no augmentation of prices.' It would be tremendous." Mr. M'Variety, it will be remembered, lived slightly in advance of the period when every manager throughout the empire could have his ghost by application to Professor Pepper.

Mr. M'Variety, however, did not find it possible to add a "downright bona fide ghost" to the attractions of Ranelagh. His only nocturnal visitors were rats, and they, yielding to a judicious course of arsenical treatment, speedily left the Cottage in the prosaic phase of being rather an old-fashioned place, slightly rickety, and not very weather-tight. The manager, who had an eccentric fancy for occupying at least half a score of residences at the same time—his enemies ascribed to him as a motive for thus multiplying his domicile a desire to "dodge" the sheriffs of different counties who might possibly have judgments against him—took a fancy into his head that the Cottage would be a snug little retreat when he was detained late in town, and a pleasant change for him when he was tired of his villa at Isleworth, his family residence in Brompton, his big house near Dorset Square, his chambers in Lyons Inn, and a queer little place, half office, half dwelling-house, he occupied in a triangular yard, beginning with a soap-boiler's and ending with a livery-stable, but dignified with the name of a square, and called after some saint, which he occupied in the wilds of Finsbury, somewhere between London-wall and Bishopsgate.

He soon grew tired of the Cottage, however, and said that it gave him the blues. He christened it the "Dismal Swamp." He was, perhaps, disappointed at finding no ghosts about the premises. After a few weeks he ceased to reside there, and abandoned it to the occupation of the celebrated Albino Family from the Valley of Dappes. The Albino Patriarch, his wife, and four children, all with fuzzy heads of hair, like spun glass; all with pink eyes, violet gums, teeth of a pale mauve, and ass's milk complexions, lived here for a while. They were very quarrelsome, and from black eyes and contused noses distributed among them by the Patriarch (who drank), were frequently rendered unfit for exhibition. After this they returned to the Valley of Dappes, where the youngest Albino girl, being alone on the top of a high mountain tending goats, was fortunate enough, in an ecstatic vision, to have an interview with Saint Teresa of Lima, who informed her that the Valley of Dappes was going to the devil through the deplorable addictedness of the population to drinking hard cider and reading the *Siècle* newspaper on the Sabbath-day. She forthwith became a miracle; the clergy took her up; Monseigneur the Bishop absolutely condescended to issue a mandement about her, gently hinting that people who didn't believe in miracles in general, and St. Teresa of Lima in particular, were babes of perdition, and candidates for perpetual brimstone; and the whole family did much better than when they were at Ranelagh, the pink-eyed Patriarch drinking more freely than ever.

After their departure, and a brief interregnum, during which nobody to speak of save a mouldy man in a snuff-colored coat, a Scotch cap, and a red worsted comforter, the fringes of which he used as a pocket-handkerchief, who had his dinner (generally consisting of tripe, liver, or some other visceral matter) sent him daily in a basin, drank cold coffee out of a black bottle labeled "rue gin," read with great persistency a pamphlet containing a report of the murder of Lord William Russell by Benjamin Courvoisier, and was stated to be in the employ of the Sheriff of Surrey—after the transitory occupation of the Cottage by this personage, another family was billeted there by the hospitable Mr. M'Variety. These were the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs from Mecca. There was a grandfather, who was a sheik, and wore a green turban, but was one night recognized by a stray tourist as having been head shampooer at a bath in Cairo. The same tourist declared that the sheik's eldest son had frequently attended on him in the capacity of a donkey-boy at Alexandria; that the sheik himself, in the intervals of shampooing, was in the habit of relating improper stories, receiving payment in copper for the same; that the mother and her two daughters had belonged to the honorable fraternity of Almé; and that one particular houri, with the biggest black eyes ever seen out of a sloe-bush, whose vocation it was to sit cross-legged in very baggy trowsers, on a divan, and smoke a hubble-bubble, was an Algerian Jewess, who had formerly kept a little shop for the sale of sham sequins, and attar of roses even more spurious, in Marseilles. Be it as it may, the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs from Mecca were for a time very instrumental in filling Mr. M'Variety's treasury. It was a great sight to see the sheik, with his very big green turban, and his very long white beard, strumming on a species of banjo—the Arab mandolin, I presume—while the Jewess smoked her narghilé, and the daughters danced the shawl dance, kicking off their yellow slippers, and letting down their back hair in the most exciting passages, while the old woman, who had a pair of mustaches which would have done honor to a grenadier of the Old Guard, handed coffee round to the visitors at a shilling a cup; and the son, who had been a donkey-boy, executed complicated sarabands and back somersaults, uttering, meanwhile, the cries of his native country. The family were strict Mohammedans, and when they ate butchers' meat, which was seldom, a sheep was purchased for them, which they killed on the premises. You paid six-pence extra to see the sheik groveling on his prayer carpet; and the ladies never appeared in the promenade in the Gardens after the performance without being strictly veiled. It was, however, unfortunately discovered that even the tourist was wrong in his shampooing theory, and that the sheik was an Irishman, who had been discharged, not honorably, from the service of the Honorable East India Company. A newspaper exposure put an end to the performances of the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs. They essayed to work the provinces, first as Dancing Dervishes, and next as Maronite Christians fleeing from the cruel persecutions of the Turkish Government; but were at last obliged to retire to Mecca, or Ireland, or obscurity.

And now the Cottage was occupied by Madame Ernestine, as the direct heir and next of kin, in a professional line, of the Ouli Zoug Zoug Arabs, stars of the East whose light had waned and flickered and gone out, like many other lights of the other days of Ranelagh. But Madame Ernestine's star, at this moment, seemed to be in the ascendant, and Mr. M'Variety had paid full homage to her importance by furnishing the Cottage with many elegant articles which he had not vouchsafed to former occupants. He had fitted up the largest apartment as a drawing-room, and flattered himself that he had done the thing in first-rate style. It is true that the carpet did not cover the whole of the room; but it was a bright red one, of a large pattern, with a fringe all round, and was thus a little suggestive of Indian splendor. The curtains of the windows were somewhat dingy and faded; but being lined with new pink calico, and tied up with yellow cord, with depending tassels, of the patterns which we see in portraits of military heroes, taken with a back-ground of pillar and curtained sky, were indicative, particularly from the outside, of dainty elegance combined with magnificence. Mr. M'Variety had aimed at splendor rather than comfort, and, with this view, had introduced a great deal of lacquered brass and gilding into the apartment. There were heavy gilt cornices over the windows; an ormolu clock, with an obstinate partiality for half past four, on the mantle-shelf; two or three rickety inlaid tables, with brass rosettes on their hips, and brass claws at the extremities of their legs; a tremendous ormolu chandelier, designed on a scale adapted to halls of dazzling light, and consequently altogether out of proportion to its present sphere, and a dozen or so of white and gold chairs, which had evidently, at one time or other, formed a portion of the costly furniture in the grand salon of a stage marquis. All this would doubtless have been very magnificent had not the effect been slightly marred by traces of the Albino Family and the Ouli Zoug Zougs on the walls and ceiling. Those traces consisted of stains and splashes upon the dingy paper, as if the Patriarch had been in the habit of throwing his heel-taps in the faces of the members of his amiable family, and missing his mark; and of dark smudges upon the ceiling, dimly suggesting that the Zoug Zougs had used the apartment as a dormitory, and been accustomed to go upon nocturnal hunting expeditions with a tallow-candle. It was suggested by a certain person that, in order to have all things in keeping, it would be well to treat the walls to a new paper, and the ceiling to a pail of whitewash, but Mr. M'Variety would not hear of such a thing. "Never mind paper and whitewash," he said; "with all this gold about, and that magnificent chandelier which cost a hundred pounds when new if it cost a penny, the room will look first-rate at night. When Madame sits in one of those gilded chairs with her feet upon the back of that gilt stool, she'll think she is a countess in downright earnest."

Two of the smaller apartments had been fitted up as bedrooms, one for Madame Ernestine and the other for Lily. The appointments of these rooms were in much better taste than those of the drawing-room. Lily's little dormitory was exceedingly neat and dainty. It was furnished all in white—a white carpet with a small blue forget-me-not running through it, white dimity curtains to the little bed, and a white muslin covering on the toilet-table, on which stood an oval looking-glass in a white enameled frame, wreathed about with lace. Madame's room was furnished with equal comfort and elegance, but more gaudily, and not in white.

Mr. M'Variety flattered himself that the countess would be charmed with her new abode, particularly after her residence in the humble salons of Mr. Kafooze. When he heard that she was coming over to take possession he stationed himself in the carved porch to bid her welcome, and perhaps also to give himself the gratification of witnessing her delight and surprise. The countess did not make her appearance at the exact moment she was expected—she never did—but she came at length, wrapped in an elegant sealskin cloak, poor Lily following at her heels, carrying a bandbox. The countess was magnificently dressed, and, through the softening medium of her veil, looked almost beautiful. She was in a passion, as usual, and came up muttering something about cette vieille ganache de Kafooze.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. M'Variety; "had any words with old Foozlum?"

"Old Foozlum, as you call him," said the countess, "is an owl, a toad, a bat, un oiseau de mauvais augure. Because I forgot the little riding-whip that Milord Carlton presented to me, and went back for it, he muttered something about his accursed stars, and said I should have no luck."

"But *you* don't believe in such nonsense?" said Mr. M'Variety, laughing.

"Believe! Bah! I believe in nothing," said the countess. "But it vexes me. Why should I have no luck? Dites-moi."

"Old Foozlum is wrong for once, countess," said Mr. M'Variety, "for luck's in your way. What do you think of this for a residence? Will it suit, eh?"

The countess surveyed the Cottage for a moment with a look of supreme contempt. "So," she said, "this is my castle! Un beau château, vraiment! A palace fit for a queen! Fit for a cow, fit for a pig, ... for any animal that Monsieur M'Variety may have reasons for accommodating with a residence in the Gardens of Ranelagh."

"Now don't say any thing disparaging of the Cottage until you've seen the inside of it," said Mr. M'Variety. "Come up stairs and I'll show you the drawing-room. But stay, one moment. Look at the porch first—a real bit of antiquity, and no mistake." And Mr. M'Variety proceeded to point out the carvings, and expatiate upon their merits as relics of antiquity and works of art.

The countess stamped her foot impatiently. "Allons, monsieur, entrons!" she said, "I don't like the porch. I don't admire it at all; it is cold and damp, like a dungeon. Ma parole d'honneur, it gives me the horrors!"

"Oh, very well. Come in and see the drawing-room; you'll like that better." And the manager led the way.

The countess, jerking an impatient gesture to Lily, immediately followed him; but she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she paused, and violently grasped M'Variety's arm.

"What's the matter?" said the manager.

"Something, I know not what," said the countess; "a sudden chill;" and she shuddered and turned pale as she spoke.

"Come to the fire and warm yourself," said the manager; "it is a bitter cold day."

The countess did not reply immediately. She stood as if transfixed by some sudden thought. At length she said:

"I do not like this place. I shall not be happy here; it chills the marrow in my bones. What did the old fool say? That I should have no luck."

"Who," said Mr. M'Variety—"who'd have thought of you being superstitious!"

"I am not superstitious," she replied; "I am cold. Give me some cognac."

"Ah, that's what you want," said the manager. "Sit down a minute by the fire in Mrs. Snuffburn's room, and I'll bring over a bottle."

Mrs. Snuffburn, a thin, gaunt, ghostly woman, very deaf, with red eyes and a shrill voice, was at the door of her apartment—which was the kitchen—awaiting the arrival of her new mistress. She stood in the doorway, stiff and solemn, like a beckoning spectre. The countess, though faint and ill, could not help commenting in her usual flattering manner upon the housekeeper's appearance. "Ah, quelle horrible vieille!" she exclaimed. "C'est une sorcière!"

Mrs. Snuffburn, being innocent of the slightest acquaintance with foreign tongues, probably took this as a compliment, for she immediately handed the countess a chair, and said, in as kindly a voice as she could command:

"Sit 'e down, ma'am, do, and warm yourself, for you look mortal cold, to be sure."

The countess sat down before the fire, put her foot upon the fender, and rested her head upon her hand. Lily had never seen her so dejected, so softened. She put down the bandbox and quietly approached her chair.

In a timid, faltering voice Lily said, "Can I do any thing for you, ma—madame?"

The countess, without moving or turning round, took the girl by the hand and drew her toward her. Poor Lily was startled and half alarmed, for the woman grasped her hand fiercely, though with something of tenderness. But the next instant, when Mr. M'Variety came bustling in with the cognac, she flung the little hand from her and pushed Lily away. "Quick," she said, holding out her hand for the glass, "or I shall do something that will make me ashamed of myself."

What was there that she, Valérie à la Beugleuse, the stable-girl of Marouille—she, the wife of Griffin Blunt, the roué, the sharper, and the debauchee—she, the sham countess and heartless adventuress, the wild woman of Ventimillioni's show, Madame Ernestine, the brandy-drinking exponent of the haute-école in the circus at Ranelagh—what was it that she would be ashamed of?

Was it the weakness of allowing one spark of human womanly feeling to glow for one moment at her heart of ice; the crime of permitting that heart to melt to the extent of a single tear? It may have been. She drank off three glasses of brandy one after the other, as they were handed to her by her obsequious manager. Then rose, stood erect, and with a wave of her hand cast her thoughts and her feelings away from her, as one would cast a pebble into the sea. "C'est fini," she said; "I am better now. Let us go and view the château."

M'Variety seemed to be quite relieved when the countess recovered her ordinary humor; for the mood into which she had been sinking perplexed and troubled him. He was troubled as he would have been if a performing horse of his, noted for kicking and throwing his rider, had suddenly shown a disposition to be docile and steady.

The manager led the way to the drawing-room, and the countess followed briskly, singing a snatch of a gay reckless French song.

"What do you say, countess, is this your style?" he said, as he threw open the door of the gilded apartment. The proprietor of ten thousand extra lamps had not miscalculated the effect of the gilding and the brass cornices and the ormolu chandelier. The countess was delighted.

"C'est magnifique, c'est charmant!" she said. "Monsieur M'Variety, you are the prince of managers, and be assured that the disinterestedness of your regard for me has my highest consideration. You are a pattern to your profession, mon bon enfant, and I hope, when you die, you will be stuffed and put into a museum as an encouragement to managers. Ah! I see your honest face mantle with gratification at the doing of a good deed; but, ma foi, I have known managers who, if they had caught themselves performing a virtuous action, would have said their prayers for once in their lives and asked to be forgiven. But you—vous êtes la perle des entrepreneurs."

"Thank you, countess. I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. M'Variety, with a knowing look; "I'm glad you appreciate what I have done for you; for you see I've got the Cottage up regardless of expense. Come and see the bedrooms. This one's for you; a snug crib, ain't it? light, comfortable, and airy, with elegance into the bargain."

"Charmante! charmante!" The countess was pleased, or feigned to be pleased, with every thing.

"And this little one," said Mr. M'Variety, leading the way into the dainty white chamber, "is for missy."

"For missy!" said the countess. "Pourquoi? Because it is all in white? Why not for me? White is the emblem of purity, is it not? Why not for me then, monsieur? Ha!" And she grinned that horrible grin of hers.

"Oh, well," said the manager, "if you like this one best you can have it. Please yourself, countess, but I thought you would prefer the large one."

"Monsieur Mac," said the countess, tapping the manager on the arm with her riding-whip, "you did not think any thing of the kind. I am not a fool, Monsieur Mac; but no matter, the imp shall have this dainty room; the little devil shall be rolled in snow. She shall be my guardian angel." And she leered at the manager knowingly as she spoke.

Mr. M'Variety had seen a good many theatrical mothers and guardians in his time; he knew how heartless, how ruthless, how rapacious they were; but he had never known one to equal this terrible Frenchwoman. He was very glad to escape from her to the bustle of his managerial duties, in which he was accustomed to forget many things in connection with his profession which it was not pleasant to dwell upon and think about.

When he had gone the countess called for Lily. The girl entered the room timidly and doubtfully.

"Come forward, child," said the countess; "nearer, close to me. There. Listen. I am your mother. Do you hear that?"

Lily answered with a faint "Yes."

"Your father," continued the countess, "was a scoundrel, a cheat, a beggar. He deceived me, beat me like a dog, degraded me, and at last left me to the mercy of the world. He died as he had lived—a beggar—and yet he left me a legacy. Do you know what that legacy was?"

The countess repeated the question fiercely, and Lily answered, falteringly, "No."

"Then I will tell you," said the countess. "*You* were that legacy. Do you understand? No? Then you shall. I am your mother, you are my daughter. It is the duty of a daughter to obey her mother in all things. You shall obey me in all things. Do you hear?"

Lily stood before her mother, trembling and with downcast eyes, and answered, "I hear."

"MASSA CHARLES" AND THE SILVER DOLLAR.

ONE pleasant day in spring, not many years ago, a lady was sitting on the piazza of a house which belonged to a plantation on the beautiful Ashley River. A good-looking negro man, holding a pair of chickens, was walking up the noble avenue of oaks, and soon he stopped before the lady, making her a low bow.

"Missis," he said, "dese yer chicken an't gwine for stay young no longer. I want for know ef Missis lemme go for sell 'em in de city?"

"I'll buy them, Jupiter," said the lady.

But that would not do. Jupiter wanted to get a present with the money for his sweet-heart, who had hinted to him that a head-handkerchief, or turban, of all the colors of the rainbow, would suit her exactly; and he loo[illegible] disappointed that his kind mistress said: "Well, Jupiter you may go, only be sure to come back by sunset."

With a joyful "Thank you, Missis," he rushed down to the boat-house, and soon had a light and pretty skiff out in the stream. As he was rowing he saw a gentleman beckoning him from the next plantation; and nearing the shore he said, politely,

"Want me, Massa?"

"Yes; take me down to the city and I'll give you a quarter."

"Sartain, Massa, wid pledjure," said Jupiter.

The gentleman got in, and began right away to talk; and Jupiter made himself very entertaining. Presently he said:

"Massa, don't you want for buy dem chicken? dey fuss-rate."

"Well now, Jupiter," said "Massa Charles" (for it was he), "my wife says I must never do the marketing. If you told me a leg of mutton was a turnip I should believe you; but I will send you to Major Black, a friend of mine, who'll buy them if they are really good."

"Tank you, Massa," said Jupiter, and he rowed away like a good fellow.

"Sing us a song, Jupiter," said Massa Charles. "Come, I like to hear them. Mind, you must make it up yourself."

"Oh, Massa! how you ben ax me to sing?" he answered, pretending to be very bashful, and at the same time clearing his throat; then in a fine, clear voice he broke out in a longshore melody, keeping perfect time with the stroke of his oars:

"Ole Maum Dinah, she hab 'leben chillen,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
One he was a stevedore, an' 'toder he was a barber,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
Wid a stomach like a tin pan, a head like a crow-bar,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
He row dis boat so bad, boys, he couldn't make it go far,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
And it's hurrah! massa stevedore! when done you get to Charleston,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!
And he row to de landin' we'd tank you berry much, Sar,
  Fol de rol de ri oh! fol de rol de ray!"

The last two lines were sung as the boat touched the dock; Jupiter bowing and grinning from ear to ear as Massa Charles put the promised quarter of a dollar in his hand and walked away, first telling him where Major Black lived.

Then this good man, about whom I could tell you a thousand stories, each one a thousand times better than the other, showing his kindness of heart, and how every body loved him—this good man strolled along King Street, with his hands in his pockets, humming to himself all he could recollect of "Ole Maum Dinah," while Jupiter hastened to sell his chickens. He got a silver dollar for them, and, nearly wild with delight, set about buying the gorgeous cotton handkerchief which was to make Venus, his sweet-heart, more beautiful in his eyes than her classical heathen namesake.

He walked along, looking into all the windows, and presently came to a little haberdasher's shop in King Street, kept by two cross old women. They lived with their brother, who was so much disliked that he rejoiced in the nickname of "Turkey-buzzard Skinflint." If you want to show extreme disgust for any one in Charleston you have only to call him "a turkey-buzzard."

Jupiter entered the store, and pulling at his woolly forelock, pointed to a gorgeous handkerchief hanging over a string, and respectfully asked,

"How much you ax for dem, Missis?"

"It's a dollar," said the oldest Miss Skinflint, charging about a third more than its value.

"I ben take it, ef you please, Missis," said Jupiter.

"I don't believe you've got a dollar," said the cross old thing; "let's see *that* first."

"Why, Missis, what for you talk *so?* I got him dollar here." And he took the silver dollar out of his pocket and held it lightly up between his finger and thumb.

The other sister had come out from behind the counter while he was speaking, and at the moment he held up the money she knocked his elbow. It *might* have been accident; but any how the dollar flew out of Jupiter's hand and rolled under the counter in an instant.

"Oh, Missis," cried poor Jupiter, with a face of great distress, "lemme get 'hind de counter an' fine my dollar!"

"*Your* dollar!" said the wicked woman. "Be off with you! You never had a cent."

"Oh, Missis, *please*, do don't talk *so!* I los' 'em true for true. I got him for some chicken; and you know he ben under de counter."

"Get out of the store this minute," cried both women, in a fury, just as Turkey-buzzard Skinflint sauntered in.

"What are you about, you rascal?" he said, facing round on the poor fellow.

"Oh, Massa, I 'clare it's my dollar! I los' 'em in de store."

But the wicked women declared he was a thief, come there to steal, and told Turkey-buzzard Skinflint to go at once and get Limpy Jonas, the lame constable, to take him to the guard-house.

At this very moment Massa Charles was walking that way, and seeing a crowd collected he pushed through to find out what it was all about.

To his great surprise the very first person he saw was his friend Jupiter, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks and his limbs trembling; and he heard the cross old women telling every body that the nigger had entered the store with a cock-and-bull story about selling some chickens for a dollar, when he didn't have fourpence, and only came there to steal.

Massa Charles felt his anger rising. He would have given five dollars to have shaken the wicked woman's snapping false teeth out of her mouth and thrown her wig over the house; but controlling himself, he beckoned to Jupiter and said, in a whisper, "See here; take this dollar and run for your life." He held out a silver dollar as he spoke. And with a look of deep gratitude the poor fellow put the money in his pocket, darted away at the top of his speed, and was round the corner just as old Turkey-buzzard Skinflint and Limpy Jonas, the constable, came in sight.

Whew! how mad they all were! They abused Massa Charles as much as they dared; but that was not much, for he quietly said, "If you don't take care I'll have *you* up for robbery, for I'm pretty sure the negro told the exact truth;" and then he walked away with his hands in his pockets.

The next week Massa Charles was sitting at home with his little daughter Fanny on one knee and his little daughter Laura on the other, telling them for about the hundred and fiftieth time the wonderful story of "Jack and the Dragon." He had told just before the story of the "Old Porker who had seven little Pigs," because that had always to come first, if he expected any peace of mind. In the second story he had just got to the place where Jack was killing the dragon, who had ninety-nine heads, all of which must be cut off before he would consent to die, when Prince John, the waiter, came in and said,

"Massa, dere's a man at de door; he say he name Jupiter; want for see you jes one leetle minute."

"Jupiter?" repeated Massa Charles, thinking.

"Yes, massa. Ebery body want for any ting, come for plague *you*. I 'clare you oughtn't to 'courage dese yer fellows; dey too imperent!"

"I want to go too," said Laura.

"Me too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles went out laughing, with a little monkey skipping on either side; and there at the door was the very black man whom he had saved out of the clutches of Turkey-buzzard Skinflint, his wicked sisters, and Limpy Jones the constable.

"'Scuse me, massa," said Jupiter, his black eyes shining with eager gratitude. "I don't mean no disrespec'. You berry kind to me; I tank you much, dear massa. I can't do noting 'cept gib you dis chicken. He berry nice one. Please take him, massa."

His voice broke and trembled. He held out a beautiful white pullet as he spoke, and his intelligent face beamed with humble affection and respect.

"Why, Jupiter," said Massa Charles, "I only did for you what was just and right. It would have been wicked in me not to have defended you."

"God bless you, massa! When I tole some 'quaintances 'bout what you been do for me dey say, 'I bet dat ar Massa Charles—he so berry, *berry* kind to niggers.' And so him *was* you, massa."

"*I* want little white chicken," said Laura.

"I too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles, who had great delicacy of feeling as well as goodness of heart, thanked Jupiter and took the present he had brought. Bless your little hearts! it would have mortified and grieved the black man terribly if it had been refused, or Massa Charles had offered to *pay* for it. No, he knew better than that, and thanked Jupiter just the same as if he had been a friend on equal terms; and the black man went home perfectly happy.

One or two good people *did* live in Charleston in those days. Ah me!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THERE is a romantic story told of Forrabury church, the parish in which Boscastle and its harbor lie. There were no bells to the church; and as the inhabitants heard the sound of the musical peal at Tindagel when the winds wafted it across the sea, they became anxious to have some of their own. Their wishes were warmly seconded by Lord Bottreaux, who lived at the castle; and in due time the bells were cast and ready to be brought home. The vessel which was to bring the long-wished-for freight appeared in sight, and the inhabitants came out upon the rocks to watch its entrance into the harbor. The pilot, who had charge of the ship, hearing the distant sound of his own native bells at Tindagel, gave thanks to God that he should be on shore that night. "Thank the good ship; thank God ashore," said the captain. "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God every where." "Thou art a fool. Thank thyself, with a fair wind and steady helm." So they talked, the captain venting his rage in oaths and curses, the pilot firm in his dependence upon God. As the vessel neared Willapack Point and the dismal cliffs of the Black Point, clouds began to rise; and while the many eager faces were watching, one of those frightful storms came on, in which the vessel became unmanageable, struck upon the rocks, and freight, men, captain, all were lost, except the pilot, who was washed ashore upon a plank. In the pauses of the storm, which was long and violent, the clang of the bells was distinctly heard; and still, they say, the buried bells give their mournful chime in the frequent storms which desolate the coast.

A CURIOUS discovery has been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat derive advantages from the same treatment.

AN amusing episode occurred a few days ago at the dinner the Duke of Nassau is in the habit of giving after the Baden races to the foreign sportsmen who have attended them. The dinner takes place in the *salon* of the Russian Club. This year among the *invités* were the Duke of Mecklenburg, the Comte of Oldenburg-Saxe, the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, some of the Jockey Club, and the Comte Westphalen, the winner of the annual steeple-chase at Iffezheim. As the Duke of Nassau and his friends were sitting down to dinner, one of the party remarked that there were thirteen. This fatal number struck terror in the hearts of most of the noble guests, who, however willing to risk their necks hunting or at a steeple-chase, proved utter cowards in presence of this mystic number. The question was put to the vote, and an overpowering majority compelled the Duke of Nassau to send for the officer on guard to avert the fearful danger to which he had so inadvertently exposed his friends.

THE inhabitants of Chalons-sur-Saone, in France, were much astonished recently to see the sun, which was shining brightly, suddenly obscured by a cloud of insects which fluttered in the air and intercepted its rays. The inhabitants began to shower water over them, and the ground and the towers of the cathedral were quickly covered. They proved to be winged ants, very rare in France, but frequently seen in hot countries. A change of weather was predicted by some old people, and the prediction was quickly accomplished, for heavy rain fell shortly afterward.

AT the angle of the Rues des Marmousets and des Deux-Ermites, which are both condemned to disappear, may be seen in the wall a sculptured stone, partially obliterated by time, but which still bears some traces of the former design, namely, a dog represented in bas-relief, in the place of a porcelain dog fixed there during the reign of Henry II., to commemorate an act of instinct accomplished by one of those faithful animals. At No. 2 in that street lived, in adjoining shops, a barber and a pastry-cook. A stranger having one day entered the shop of the former to get shaved, was never seen to leave it. His family, being uneasy at his disappearance, had him sought for, and a friend, accompanied by the dog of the missing man and a sergeant of the watch, searched all over Paris. As the seekers were at length passing before this house in the Rue des Deux-Ermites the dog began to scent about him with an uneasy air. It next rushed into the barber's shop, and commenced scratching on the floor with such persistence that it led to the discovery of a trap-door over a cellar, which still exists, and where the body of the man was found cut into pieces. The barber, says the story, had made a bargain with his neighbor, whose pies, made of human flesh, had acquired a great celebrity, so that when a stranger came to get shaved he was placed on the trap, and, a spring being touched, he fell into the cellar below, where he was dispatched by the pastry-cook if not killed by the fall. The two murderers were broken on the wheel, and their houses razed to the ground. Is there any truth in this story? What is certain is, that until the commencement of the sixteenth century there might have been seen an open space at a spot formerly occupied by the houses, the cellars of which could still be seen. Francis I. it was who permitted the present habitation to be built.

THE late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England that, being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed, "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

THE death-watch (*Anobium striatum*) is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operation, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this, to some persons, terrible omen, is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the wood-work of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured this little beetle feigns death with the strangest pertinacity, preferring, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The death-watch, on account of its retired habits, minute size, and dark color, is very seldom seen; and, as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith by some persons it is regarded. The greatest evil, however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations in the wood-work of our houses. It is not larger than a good-sized flea.

A GOOD story is reported from Vienna. A lady of property and thirty years fell in love with a young lawyer, a Dr. Kant, and invited him to her house. He came, and she imagining he was shy in popping the question, herself opened up the matter, and he replied: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But?" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I can hardly aspire to her hand; and, rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will burn my passion in my breast, and leave it unavowed forever." The next day she executed a deed making over the sum of $75,000 to Dr. Kant, and sent him the deed with a note to the following effect: "Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in inclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, etc., ALICE MARTINI." Thereupon he proposed for the hand of the Fraulein Fischel, the real lady of his love, and was accepted. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution; but as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.

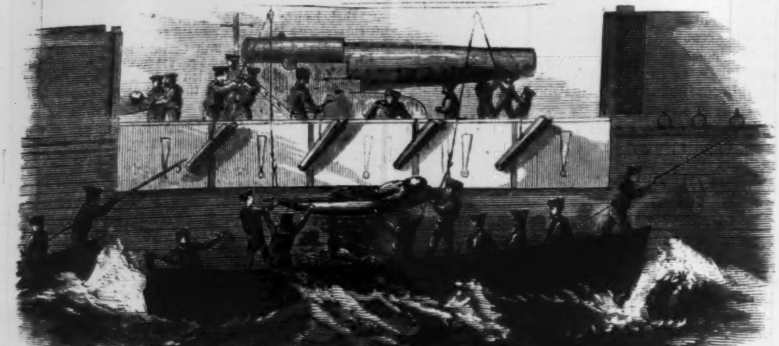
THE subjoined story is creditable to the Scottish maternal instinct; Galt has no richer illustration:

"One day—so goes this popular tradition—as Sir Alexander Murray was strolling down the avenue, he saw the Laird of Haystoun, mounted on his white pony, approaching, as if with the intention of visiting Darn Hall. After the usual greetings Murray asked Haystoun if that was his intention. 'Deed, it's just that,' quoth Haystoun, 'and I'll tell you my errand. I am gaun to court your daughter Jean.' The Laird of Blackbarony (who, for a reason that will afterward appear, was not willing that his neighbor should pay his visit at that particular time) gave the thing the go-by by saying that his daughter was ower young for the laird. 'E'en's you like,' quoth Haystoun, who was somewhat dorty, and who thereupon took an unceremonious leave of Blackbarony, hinting that his visit would perhaps be more acceptable somewhere else. Blackbarony went home and immediately told his wife what had passed. Her ladyship on a moment's reflection, seeing the advantage that was likely to be lost in the establishment of her daughter, and to whom the disparity of years was no objection, immediately exclaimed: 'Are you daft, laird? Gang awa' immediately and call Haystoun back again.' On this the laird observed—(and this turned out the cogent reason for his having declined Haystoun's visit)—'Ye ken, my dear, Jean's shoon's at the mending.' (For the misses of those days had but one pair, and these good substantial ones, which would make a strange figure in a drawing-room of the present day.) 'Ye ken Jean's shoon's at the mending.' 'Hoot awa, sic nonsense,' says her ladyship; 'I'll gie her mine.' 'And what will ye do yoursel?' 'Do?' says the lady: 'I'll put on your boots; I've lang petticoats, and they will never be noticed. Rin and cry back the laird.' Blackbarony was at once convinced by the reasoning and ingenuity of his wife; and as Haystoun's pony was none of the fleetest, Blackbarony had little difficulty in overtaking him and persuading him to return again. The laird having really conceived an affection for his neighbor's daughter the visit was paid. Jean was introduced in her mother's shoes; the boots were never noticed; and the wedding took place in due time, and was celebrated with all the mirth and jollity usually displayed on such occasions. The union turned out happily, and from it, as has been said, sprung the present family of Haystoun."

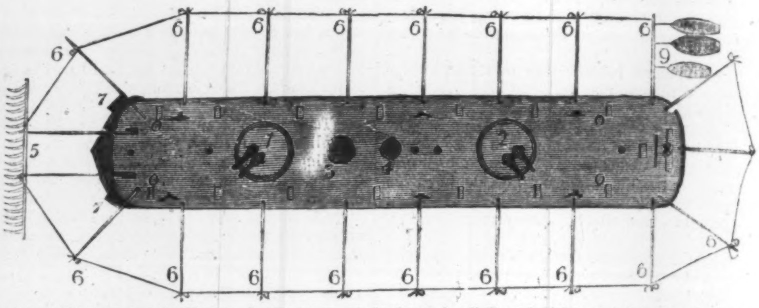
THE following incident shows to what straits poor people in England are sometimes reduced: Mr. H. Jeffreys, lately a paper-manufacturer of Maidstone, came to London, having apparently failed in business. He and a son sold medical bottles, and the son obtained a place at a wool-stapler's, and two daughters made flannel shirts at 2s. the dozen. The father's trade fell off, the son was struck down by a bale of wool, the daughters became dispirited, and at last for eight weeks they were compelled to live by pawning every article they possessed. When they were reduced to a bare bed the elder daughter died of fatigue and overwork, and the jury, as they passed to view the body, found the other daughter dying of exhaustion and want of food. The jury found a verdict of death accelerated by overwork and fatigue; and we trust the man who gave 2s. a dozen for making flannel shirts will remember the report while he lives.

FRENCH BALLET-DANCERS.—M. About thus discourses on the ordinary life of a ballet-girl, without ranking her in the list of angels or of fiends: "It is not uninteresting to consider for a moment the condition of these young girls, almost all belonging to the lower classes, and some of whom are raised so high by beauty and talent—girls chiefly from fourteen to sixteen years of age, living on dry crusts and green apples in the garret of a needle-woman or the lodge of a portress. They steal up to their dressing-room. Fifteen minutes after they descend to the green-room, radiant, glittering, covered with silks, gauze, and flowers, at the expense of the state, and more brilliant than the fairies and the houris of our dreams. Ministers and princes kiss their hands, and whiten their black coats with the chalk of their arms. They whisper in their ears old or new madrigals, which they sometimes understand. Some of them are gifted with talent: the words have to be wrested from others with pincers. A touch of the bell summons the fairies to the stage; the crowd of patrons follow them to the wing—virtuous patrons who brave the possible fall of scenes, the trickling of oil from lamps, and the varieties of foul air proper to the place, for the pleasure of hearing a young voice, slightly hoarse, murmur these charming words—'Ah, *'cre nom!* I have pains in my feet!' The curtain rises, and the twenty-four queens of an hour display their agility before the eyes of an admiring public......They have little to fear from hisses or criticism. Midnight comes: all changes as in fairy tales. Cinderella, with her mother or eldest sister, climbs the economic heights of Batingnolles or Montmartre. Poor thing! she limps a little, and her gray stockings are splashed. The wise and good mother reads her a lecture of worldly wisdom as they get along."

THE most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine and the materials for honey so plentiful that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.



RECEIVING THE WOUNDED ON BOARD THE "METACOMET," AUGUST 5, 1864.



1. Forward Turret.—2. After Turret.—3. Pilot-house.—4. Smoke-stack.—5. Torpedo Rake.—6, 6, 6, 6. Torpedo Guards, with barrels for floating.—7, 7. Forward Closets.—8. After Closet.—9. Opening for Boats.—10, 10, 10.—Hatchways.

PLAN OF THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD, THE "CHICKASAW."

OFF MOBILE.

WE give on this page several sketches relating to our naval fleet in Mobile harbor. One of these cuts represents the reception of the wounded on board the *Metacomet*, after passing the forts, August 5. The wounded were then transferred to the Pensacola Hospital. The adjoining illustration is a plan of the *Chickasaw*—a plan which is exactly repeated in the *Winnebago*. The *Chickasaw* is an iron-clad, mounting four guns. Its tonnage is 974 tons. It was built at Boston by AQUILA ADAMS in 1863. The *Winnebago* was built at St. Louis in the same year. The torpedo guards represented in the sketch are young trees cut down and stripped, with one end of each lashed aboard, and the other ends connected together by transverse pieces.

Another sketch represents the *Metacomet's* boats blowing up the rebel ram *Nashville*. This cut also gives a view of a portion of the obstructions in the harbor.

The lower cut is a view of Mobile city, with the rebel batteries guarding the approaches, and our fleet, in the fore-ground.

REFUGEES AT CITY POINT.

As our military lines draw closer each day around the doomed cities of Richmond and Petersburg, the effect is seen not only in the number of deserters from the rebel army, but in the quantity of refugees that come into our lines, glad of any opportunity of escape from the horrible scenes of desolation hitherto surrounding them.

We give on page 701 a representation of the interior of the United States Sanitary Commission Post at City Point, Virginia, at a time when a number of these refugees from Richmond are availing themselves of its hospitable shelter. In speaking of them our artist says: "The people here represented appear to belong to two distinct classes. One family seemed to be of what is known as the 'poor whites' in the South; the other family, if not exactly belonging to the 'Chivalry,' were evidently of a different and higher class. While they were staying on board, previous to their departure North, and during which time they received every attention and kindly consideration not only from the officials of the United States Sanitary Commission, but from all who came in contact with them, many opportunities were afforded for eliciting their opinions respecting the state of things between North and South.

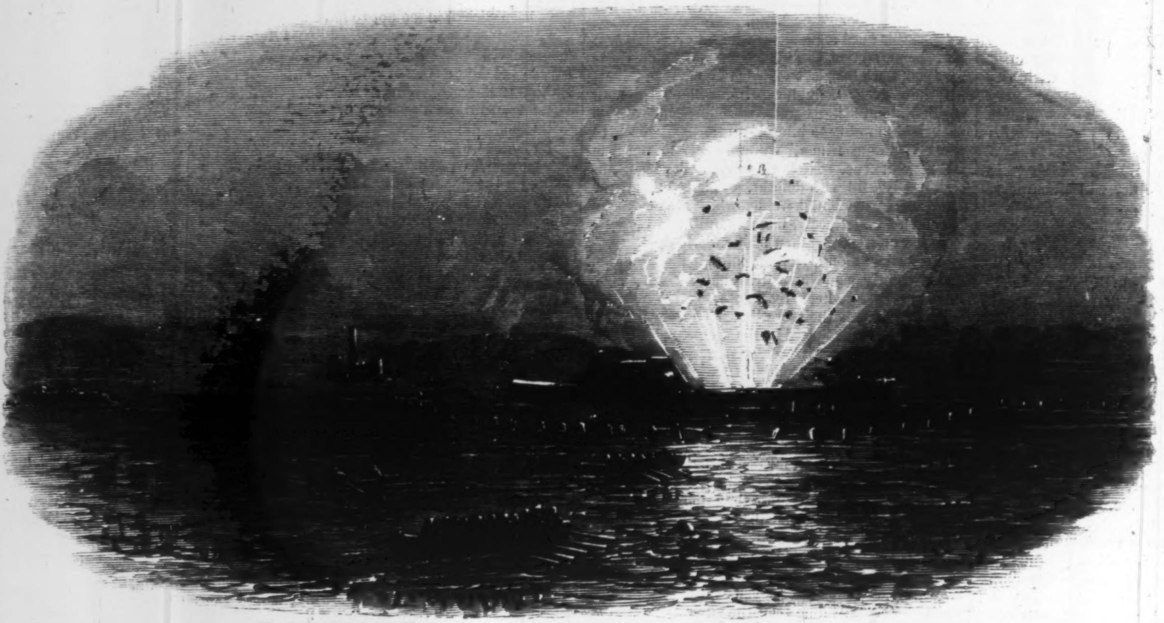
"The only man among them—the head of the family, represented in the extreme back-ground—was apparently a simple-hearted, ignorant fellow, who was inclined to be very communicative, and who seemed never to have entertained any ill feeling toward our section — content if people would only allow him to cultivate his little patch of ground in peace and safety. The women throughout, however, and even the little children—doubtless well taught hitherto to look upon the Yankees as a set of bugaboos—were surrounded, seemingly at any rate, by an air of restraint and haughty dependence, as if they were as much hurt as pleased by the kindnesses showered upon them. When the man was asked by a by-stander what object he had in coming North, and if he would not have preferred staying South, one of the young women replied for him, in a rather pert manner: 'The only thing *I* came away for was them nasty guns you kept firing!' When asked again what notion they had of the Yankees before they saw them, the same young woman replied: 'We thought you was coming to kill us all and use us bad.' Some one said: 'How could you imagine such a thing?' to which she replied: 'How could we know any better? *every body said so!*'

"Not one in this family, confessedly, could read or write, except the man, who said he could read 'print' a little. The women and children had all very nice and regular features, and your artist must not think that the pipes I have put in the mouths of some of the former is a matter of fancy. All the women smoked, and common clay pipes were to be seen sticking out of lips far too pretty for such occupation.

"Whatever these people may have originally thought of the North and its inhabitants, it is evident that they are now becoming but too glad to exchange for a hideous life in the South the chance of pursuing their future career among us as independent free men and women, even though the insensate prejudices of a life may still cling to them a little longer. Certainly such treatment as these outcasts received from the United States Sanitary Commission at City Point, and as they will doubtless receive every where else—could it only be known among their deluded people—would be enough to open the eyes of the most ignorant, and to touch the hearts of the most vindictive among them."

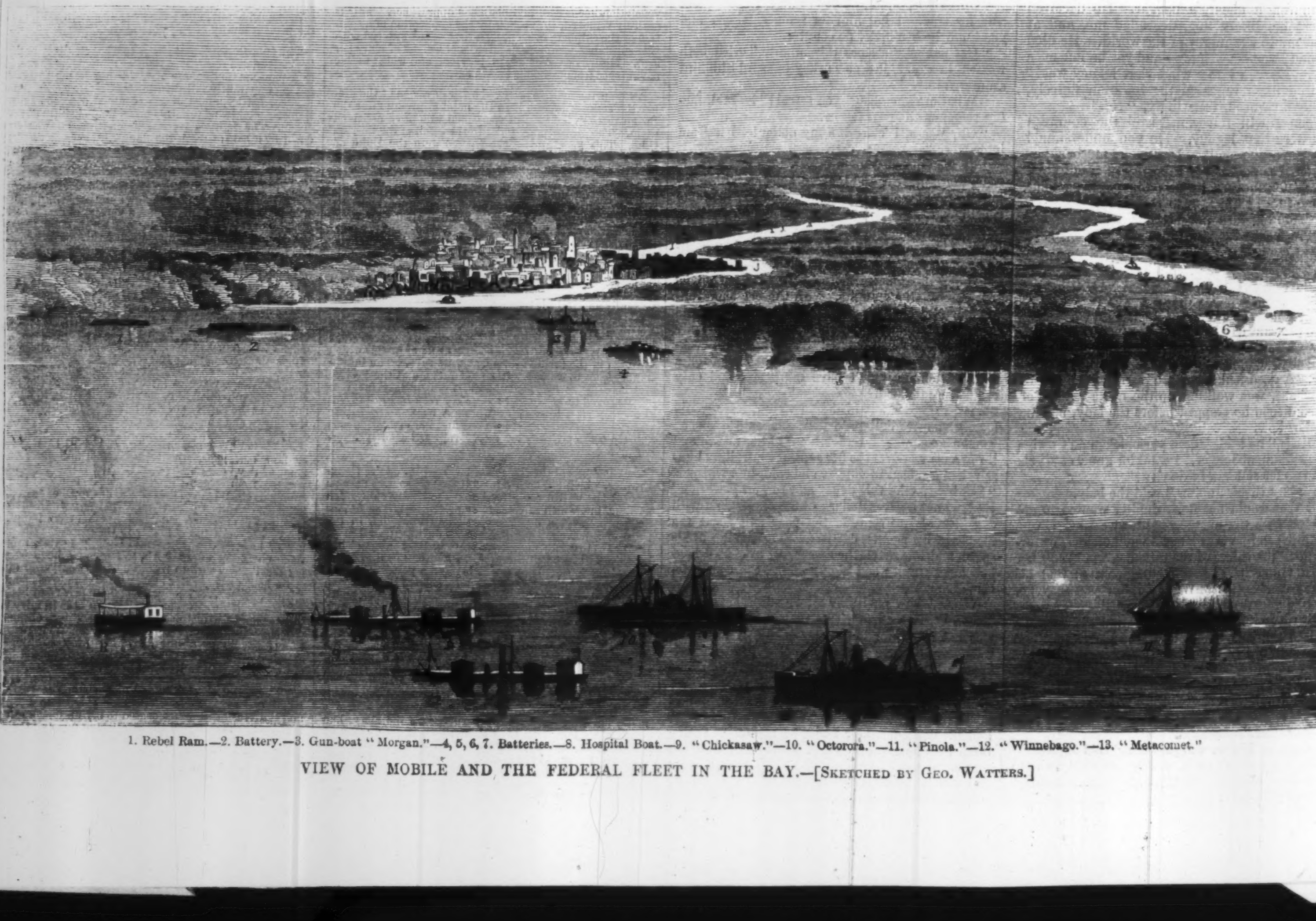
As an episode to the picture there is introduced in the fore-ground the figure of a wounded man, attended by Doctors M'DONALD and SWALM, of the United States Sanitary Commission—an extraneous and voluntary work which these gentlemen are not unfrequently called on to perform, in addition to their other multifarious and charitable duties.

Since GRANT'S last movement the number of desertions from the rebel army has greatly increased.



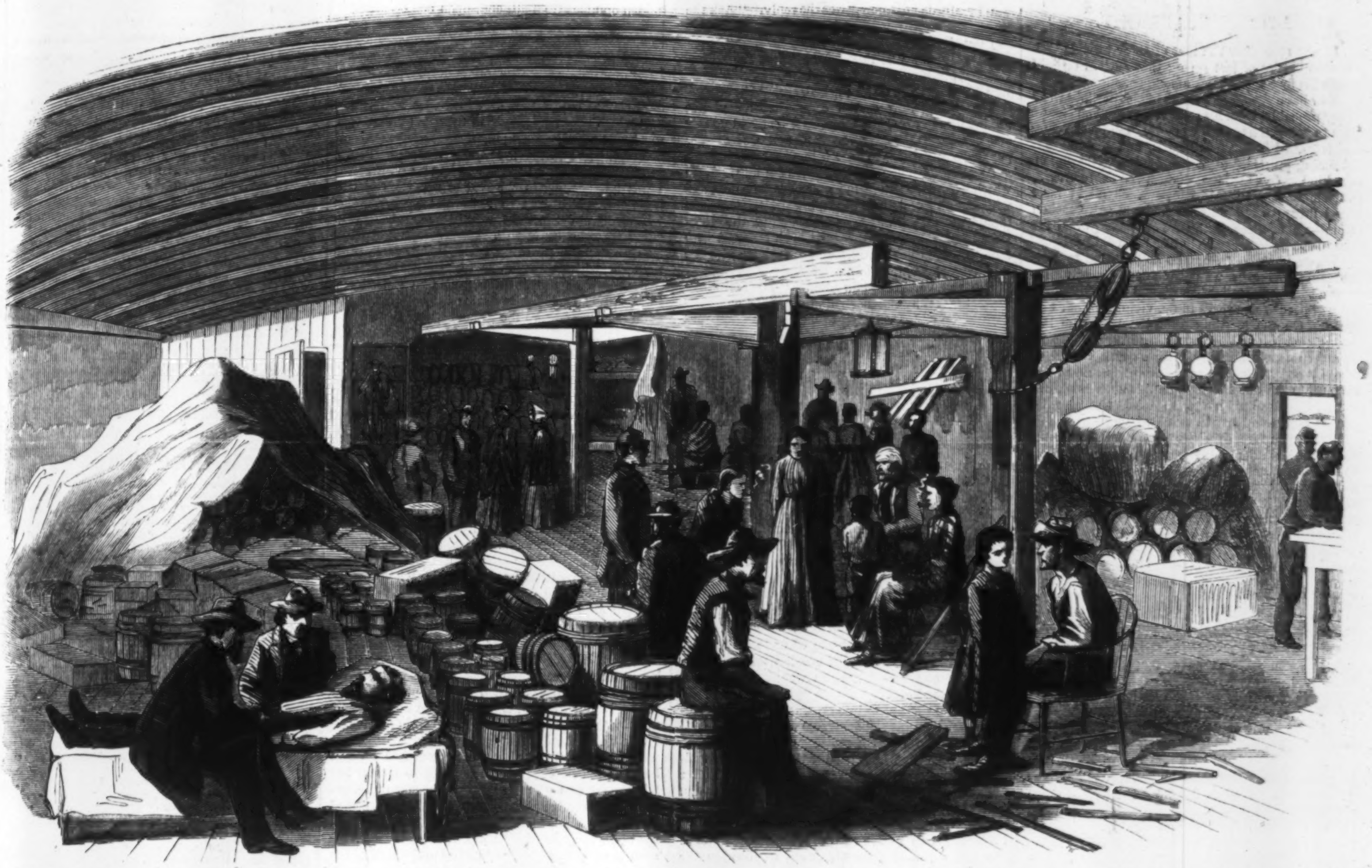
The Rebel Gun-boat "Morgan."

THE "METACOMET'S" BOATS BLOWING UP THE REBEL RAM "NASHVILLE," AUGUST 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]



1. Rebel Ram.—2. Battery.—3. Gun-boat "Morgan."—4, 5, 6, 7. Batteries.—8. Hospital Boat.—9. "Chickasaw."—10. "Octorora."—11. "Pinola."—12. "Winnebago."—13. "Metacomet."

VIEW OF MOBILE AND THE FEDERAL FLEET IN THE BAY.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]



RICHMOND REFUGEES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION BOAT, AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 700.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

In regard to the Paris Fashions for October we have just to observe that, for finishing up the fine season out of town, the dress bonnet is not at all *de monde*, especially if the lady be young. The new casquette (shown in our last month's engraving of the fashions) and the Windsor hat with feathers are the two varieties of fancy chapeaux most in vogue. For *toilette de ville*, however, the ordinary bonnet is necessary, and should be of the shape indicated in our fourth illustration. It may be of any color, but is usually of white muslin, ornamented with black beads or velvets, and rests closely to the head. In all probability, however, this shape, as well as the material, will undergo considerable modifications at the approach of the winter season.

The predominant color for dresses still continues to be white, or the lighter tints of the colors for which the summer of 1864 has been remarkable. For colored silks of darker hues, and especially for foulard dresses, straw ornaments have been applied with advantage; and these have the double merit of originality and cheapness, two qualities somewhat rare in this age of imitative ostentation, for the gratification of which the most extravagant sacrifices are so frequently made.

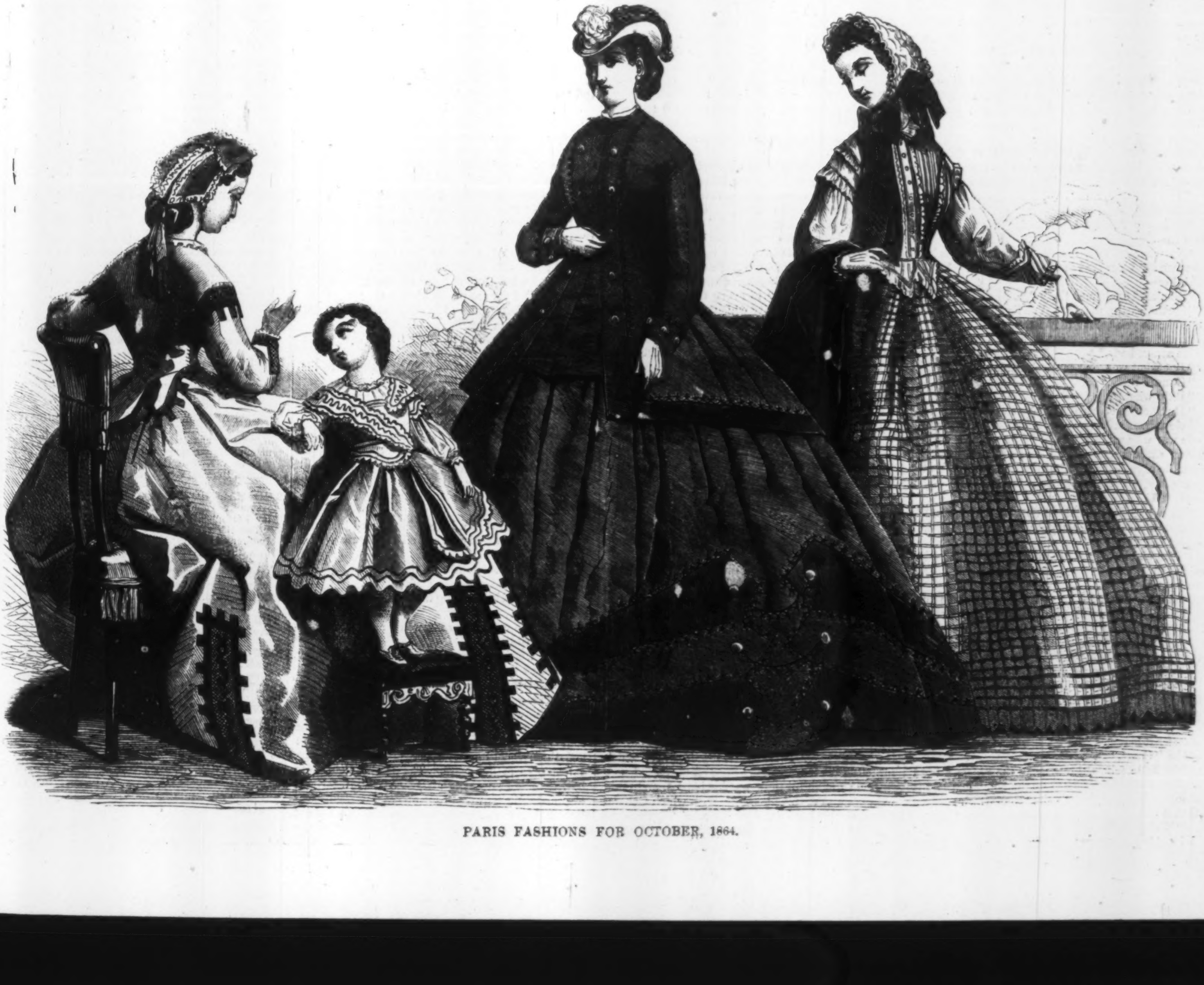
THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of white alpaca, ornamented with black lace insertion, surrounded by bouclettes of black velvet; the vest is similarly ornamented. Muslin chemisette, with collar and cuffs of embroidered muslin. The head-dress is composed of a wide entredeux, trimmed with narrow guipure over rose-colored silk, terminated by a rose-colored silk bow and ends.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Little Boy.*—Low-necked nankeen blouse, trimmed with black worsted braid; the rounded teeth on the edge of the shirt are bordered with black binding. Wide sleeves, with a band descending from the shoulder scarfwise, and attached at the waist.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Checkered gray foulard robe, trimmed round the edge of the skirt with vandyke blue ribbon, surmounted by three narrow bands of blue silk. Muslin canezou, pointed in front, plaited throughout the corsage, and ornamented with narrow strips of blue velvet. The bonnet, of the latest shape, is in tulle bouillonné, the curtain being replaced by a garland of blue flowers hanging over a narrow white lace that partly covers the catogan.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Lilac foulard robe, trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with mauve-colored silk edged with black silk guipure. Small upright collar, fastened by a rose-colored cravat. Chapeau Windsor, ornamented with white feather in front, and another large feather falling over the hinder portion of the Tuscan hat.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1864.

LITTLE STARLIGHT.

It was soon after the first of those terrible Wilderness battles of last spring that Little Starlight made his first appearance among us.

Now have you any idea who Little Starlight was? Very probably, from his romantic name, you picture him to yourself as a pretty boy—a beau-ideal Young America, with clustering curls, and the relevant blooming precocity of face and form. Nothing of the kind. *Our* Little Starlight was a negro urchin, extremely small for his age—which might have been fifteen could we have had a date to reckon from—and as black as the ace of spades, when the ace of spades is excessively black and shiny.

Where he came from, who he belonged to, how he came among us, we never exactly knew. He was a sort of masculine Topsy, and probably merely "growed" somewhere in the vicinity of our bivouac. On the morning after the battle he had been found in our lines, strutting about the camp in a very nonchalant way, with a quick, observing eye for every thing he saw. His appearance was comical in the extreme. Upon his ebon head, and entirely concealing his crisp wool, was jauntily placed a span-new artillery cap, which he had probably picked up from the field. He had fastened to the right shoulder of his ragged coat—a swallow-tailed blue of unknown antiquity—an immense epaulet, probably plundered from the baggage of some rebel officer; while a silken sash of flaring crimson was twined round his waist in a manner at once striking and barbaric, with a long end that trailed behind like the gaudy tail of some variegated tropic bird. His trowsers—we will skip them; let it suffice to say that they were unmentionables to the last degree.

No one could tell how the little fellow got into the camp, and he wouldn't tell himself. The pickets and sentries swore prodigiously that he had not passed them. So we were compelled to let the mystery of his appearance remain unsolved.

It was shortly after sunrise when the corporal of the guard brought him before me, with

"Here's a prisoner, or contraband, or something of the kind, chaplain. I just picked him up and don't know what to do with him."

I almost exploded with laughter at seeing the individual in question, but immediately sat down on a stump and proceeded to investigate. Captain Allen came along at the same time, and presently the Major also dropped in. So we formed ourselves into an informal court-martial around the object of our attention, with the view of having some amusement for the hungry half hour that would elapse before breakfast. The "brass" of the lad was surprising; for he never changed countenance during the whole of this ceremony, which we made as imposing as we could by word and look. All eyes were turned on me expectantly, so I opened the proceedings.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dun'no, mass'r. 'Spect I isn't got none," was the reply, accompanied by a sparkling grin of extraordinary breadth, as though his anonymous condition was a matter of much self-satisfaction.

"Oh, you must have some name." I said. "What did they call you at home?"

"I allers came wi'out callin'. But wen I shinned along kinder slow, sometime dey'd sing out, 'Nig!' sometime 'Little Nig!' an' den agin, 'Hyar, you d—d Nig!' I'll bet dey did, mass'r! Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is!" he continued, swinging his arms gleefully about and shuffling his bare feet, as if contemplating a breakdown.

"Silence!" roared the Major, who acted as presiding officer, at the same time knitting his brows furiously to conceal the laughter which almost choked him. "Silence, or I'll commit you for contempt!"

Somewhat startled by the vehemence of this injunction the little fellow remained silent, and, taking off his cap, commenced stroking his mat of a head in a serious manner, which was more comical than his mirth.

"Well, my friend," I resumed, "where do you come from?"

"No whar 'ob late, mass'r. I'se been sleepin' out recen'ly. Yer see I'se a awful cuss, I is. Yah! yah! I'se—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge.

"Sartin, sartin, mass'r! Yah! yah!"

"Who do you belong to?" I resumed.

"Yah! yah! I ain't got none. Yer see he's gwine away, he is."

"But what was your master's name?"

"Cunnel Billy."

"Billy what?"

"Dun'no. Yer see dis chicken were left behin' wid ole missus an' de gals, wile Mass'r Billy gwine to de war way up to Richmon'. An' yer see, de ole missus she dun gib dis nig a lickin', so I jis slips out in de night time, climbs inter de barn, steals all de pigeons, an' clars de track for Ole Virginny. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is!"

"Pigeons! What did you do with the pigeons?" I asked, my curiosity carrying me away from the subject in hand.

"Libs on 'em to be shore, mass'r! Dey'se bully fodder, nicer dan de hard tack. Yah! yah! I'se got jis one lef'."

And sure enough, as he spoke, he drew from one of the capacious pockets of his tattered coat a sorry looking pigeon, still alive, which, before we could guess his intention, he proceeded to put to death in a very summary manner. Nipping the head of the bird between his finger and thumb, he twirled the body around in the air till it fell to the ground, completely twisted from the head, which remained in his hand.

"What are you doing that for?" I exclaimed, somewhat horrified at what I saw, as were the rest of the "Court."

The little fellow threw away the pigeon's head without answering, picked up the body, and laid it at my feet with a "Yah! yah!" from which I judged that it was meant as a present for my breakfast.

"Well, what is the decision of the Court?" said I laughing, and turning to the Major.

"I really do not know," was the reply. "Ask the monkey if he will fight, and which side he favors."

I put the question.

"De Union all de time, *shore!*" was the enthusiastic reply.

"What can you do?" I asked.

The little fellow cast a comprehensive glance around him in every direction, as if he could do any and every thing under the sun, and was merely puzzled upon which to try his hand for an outset.

At length his eye caught sight of a kettle-drum which was taking an airing a short distance off, and with a guffaw of delight he ran toward it. Quick as thought the strap was over his shoulder, the sticks were in his hand, and throwing back his head with a gesture of pride, he rolled off the reveille with the flourish and accuracy of a master.

"Bravo!" cried Captain Allen. "You're the man we want. Why not have him drum for our company?" he added, turning to me. "Johnny went into the hospital day before yesterday, and we have had but little music since."

"An excellent idea!" said I.

The Major also agreed; and Starlight, to his infinite satisfaction, was forthwith installed as second drummer-boy, Company C, —th New York Infantry.

His name—by which he was altogether known among us—originated, at the suggestion of one of the officers, in the wonderfully starry aspect of the heavens on the night preceding the early morning of his "capture."

He was a favorite in the company, and a standing joke with the regiment, in a single day. No one could surpass him on the drum, and he never complained of too much work. We made him wash himself thoroughly in the river, and then presented him with a genuine uniform, of which he appeared as proud as a young peacock of her sprouting tail.

Little Starlight was not one of us long, but if I should undertake to describe one-half of his whimsical characteristics "the sun would go down on the unfinished tale."

He never got out of humor, was never excessively hungry, and his slender frame was of iron mould. He endured, without a murmur or any marks of fatigue, marches which tried to the utmost the stalwart frames of hardened veterans, and would, after the march, execute with gusto a dozen breakdowns, Jim Crows, and Bob Ridleys for the diversion of the weary regiment. I never saw him flinch when under fire, and I have seen him under the hottest. He had a *penchant* for obtaining trophies on the field of battle; and carried so many knives and pistols upon his person that he was quite a walking arsenal. More than once he was seen to use his fire-arms, and if at long range, it was, nevertheless, with the best of intentions.

It is true he had his foibles, and grave ones. He was a natural-born thief, and my most impressive sermonizing totally failed to convince him of the gravity of his fault. He seemed to consider himself naturally depraved, and was therefore philosophically complacent with his sin, meeting my admonitions with his usual "I'se a awful cuss, mass'r, I is." In my heart, search as I would, I could find less of blame than pity for him when I thought of the criminal neglect which must have attended his bringing up, with that of the rest of his wronged and unfortunate race. Besides, the material effects of his thieving were not considerable. There was not much to steal in the first place; and when any one did miss any thing worth retaining, a tight clutch upon Starlight's windpipe and a few preposterous threats would generally cause him to "shell out" the missing article, if it was really in his possession. And it seemed generally conceded that his virtues more than counterbalanced his foibles. For his hand was as ready to support a wounded man to an ambulance as it was at rifling the pockets of a fallen foe.

There was one thing alone which almost redeemed him in my eyes; and that was his passionate desire for freedom—his enthusiastic devotion to the cause under whose banner he served.

My duties as chaplain were in sad demand in those bloody battle-days, when ministrations to the dying and prayers for the dead were so frequently required; but I found some time, nevertheless, to devote to Starlight. The little heathen always listened with the profoundest gravity to every thing I said, but with a perceptible stolidity which often discouraged me, except when I spoke of the future of his race, of their prospects for freedom and improvement. His eyes would light up at this, his expressive features would fairly glow with enthusiasm.

"Yes, mass'r," he one day exclaimed, "I feels it in my bones. It'll come roun' one day or 'nother. I knows I'll be free!"

"You are so already," said I. "The President's Proclamation has made you so. You have nothing to fear."

"Jis' so, mass'r," he replied. "De Presiden' he am a nice man, *he* am. But I doesn't feel it in de *bones* yit; I nebber will till I git on to *him*, yer know. Jis' lemme git on to *him*—only once!"

"On to whom?" I asked.

"On to de Ole Man—Cunnel Billy. Jis' lemme git on to him, *den* I'll be free!"

"You surely would not kill your old master?"

"Wouldn't I? Yah! yah!" And thereat Starlight began to fumble among the various knives and pistols which adorned his person in a manner that was any thing but conciliatory. "Trus' dis chicken," he continued. "I keeps on de look-out in ebery fight. I seed him lick my ole mudder till de blood flew. Jis' lemme on to him, mass'r, and you'll see de blood fly yourse'f. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is."

Upon a briefer acquaintance with Starlight I should have smiled at the serio-comic manner in which these sentiments were enunciated; but, as it was, I shuddered at the intensity of passion which lurked in his tones.

And through all those terrible battles, and rapid marches and counter-marches, with which General Grant terrified and confused the rebel foe, from the Rapidan to the walls of Richmond, Little Starlight conducted himself with sterling credit, winning golden opinions from all, and, upon one occasion, a hearty hand-shake from the General of our division.

It was, however, at the severe skirmish on our left, immediately following our general repulse from the rebel works, and shortly before the transfer of our army to the south bank of the James, that the part which Starlight played in the great drama was to assume a truly tragic phase.

The enemy's skirmishers and ours were hotly engaged, and the fight bade fair to be bloody, if brief. I was immediately in the rear of a portion of our regiment, which was in reserve, busy with the wounded; and Starlight was hopping about me, doing what he could to assist, but now and then looking up, and throwing curious glances toward the fight, which was not distant.

Suddenly an exclamation from him caused me to turn, when I saw him gazing intently, with his hand pointing toward the ground where the skirmish was progressing.

"Hooray! hooray! Dere he is! dere he is!" he shouted.

He succeeded in directing my attention to a fine-looking rebel officer, who was cheering on his men in a charge they were making upon our position.

"Dat's him! dat's him!" cried Starlight, at the same time freeing himself from his drum and casting it on one side, while his voice was wild and strange with a fierce joy.

And before I could arrest him, or exactly understand his intention, he snatched a musket and bayonet from the ground, and ran like a deer after our column, which was advancing to repel the threatened assault.

From my position I could see the whole affair. The smoke of the musketry fire was thick, but a western gale was blowing, and the opposing columns were pretty plainly discernible. Then the firing ceased, and I saw them meet in the shock of steel to steel. The ranks of the rebels were broken, and they scattered back toward their abatis and the thick woods on their right; but the officers retained their ground, endeavoring to inspirit their men by their own examples, and fighting bravely. I saw Little Starlight rush headlong at the man to whom he had directed my attention, and I could hear his shrill cheer come floating to me on the wind. He seemed to be but half the size of his antagonist, yet they met with a shock which seemed equal on both sides. The officer evaded the bayonet of his puny foe, and struck out sharply with his sword; and I saw the blood spring up high from the negro's neck. But the next instant they closed; the rushing bayonet gored the breast of the officer, and he rolled to the plain. Twice—thrice I saw the flashing bayonet leap into the air, and flash down again upon the prostrate man; and then, with a louder whoop than before, Starlight sprang on further into the fight; and the whole scene was shut from my view by the gathering smoke, for the breeze had died away.

The fight was soon over. The rebels were driven far back into the woods, their abatis captured and held, and we in possession of the field. My interest in what I had witnessed was so intense that I immediately hastened to the ground.

Our loss had been inconsiderable, but that of the enemy was large. Their dead and wounded lay in all directions. I found the officer with whom I had seen Starlight engaged. He wore the insignia of a rebel captain, and was stone-dead, with his breast pierced many times by bayonet thrusts. As I was standing beside the body, Sergeant K—— of Company C came up to me with a troubled look.

"Little Starlight is dying, Sir," was his greeting, "and he wishes to see you very much."

"Starlight dying! Impossible!" I ejaculated, at the same time hurrying to the point indicated.

It was but too true.

Little Starlight lay at the edge of the enemy's works, with a frightful gun-shot wound in the back part of his head, and as many as twenty brave fellows were clustering around him with sympathizing looks and tearful eyes. You may not believe me, but nevertheless I speak the truth when I say that the brave boy grinned joyously when he saw me.

"Yah! yah! Mass'r Chaplain," he cried, as I knelt by his side and took his hand; "dis nig's done for, he is. But did yer see me in de fight, mass'r? Did yer see me tackle dat ole coon, Cunnel Billy? Yah! yah! I'se got it at last, mass'r! I'se a awful cuss; but I'se got it at last!"

"Got what, my poor boy?" I whispered, with a trembling voice.

"Freedom!" cried Starlight, springing to his feet.

I saw that wild, strange gleam of passion leap into his rude features, and then he fell back into my arms.

"It am a lubly day, mass'r," he continued, speaking with great difficulty. "It am ebening now, an' de sun am setting, mass'r. But I hears de big drum ob de sky rollin' de rebellie ob de Lord. De day am breakin' for dis chile, mass'r; for *I'se got it at last!*"

His voice failed him here. He moved his lips; but in a moment they were stilled forever. He was dead.

I laid him down gently on the grass.

The Major had also been standing by.

"Come," said he, taking me by the arm—"come, let us go."

And as we went away I saw his mustache tremble perceptibly.

There were three regular members of Company C who died the death in that skirmish, but I think not one of them was mourned with a deeper, sincerer sorrow than was Little Starlight. One of the sergeants, who was a rude rhymster in his way, composed a brief epitaph for him. Others of the company performed what little offices they could; and the Colonel inquired particularly into the circumstances of his death. The Union slain were buried separately—they were so few. Starlight also had a little grave of his own. He was free at last, and he thus came into the ownership of about five feet of that earth which had not been a very affectionate mother to him.

I said that he had an epitaph. It was scrawled upon the rude head-board by the author; and, as there is something epigrammatic about it, it may not be out of place to conclude our story with.

Here lieth Little Starlight,
Whose ill-starred spirit won
Its right to blessed Freedom through
The foeman's deadly gun.

But he will, doubtless, somewhere
Shine brightly after all,
As the Stars are in their glory
When the shades of evening fall.

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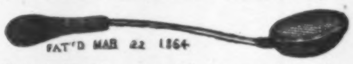

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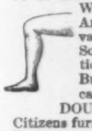

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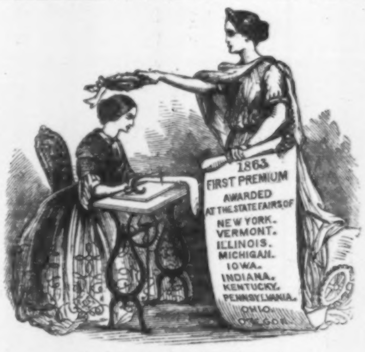

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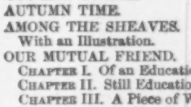

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